# Methodist Magazine and Review.

OCTOBER, 1896.


## THE GREATER BRITAIN OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

AUSTRALIAN TROOPERS.

II.

The harbour of Sydney, says "Max O'Rell," the brilliant French writer, is a succession of transformation scenes. It is incontestably one of the most imposing of nature's marvels. Each little bay and cove is lovely, and charms the sight; but the whole, the immense, grandiose whole, absorbs one. The town-hall is magnificent, the main hall a superb one. As for the organ, it is the most complete that exists. If the town were built like an amphitheatre around the bay, it might be classed among the loveliest in the world.

But if the town strikes you as merely one more gigantic monument erected to British activity — just think a moment, a town of 411,000 inhabitants, where sixty years ago there were but a few convicts. The suburbs built upon the points that jut out into the harbour, arrest your admiration by their surprising beauty. Many of the houses here are perfect little palaces. The view is fairy-like in its beauty.

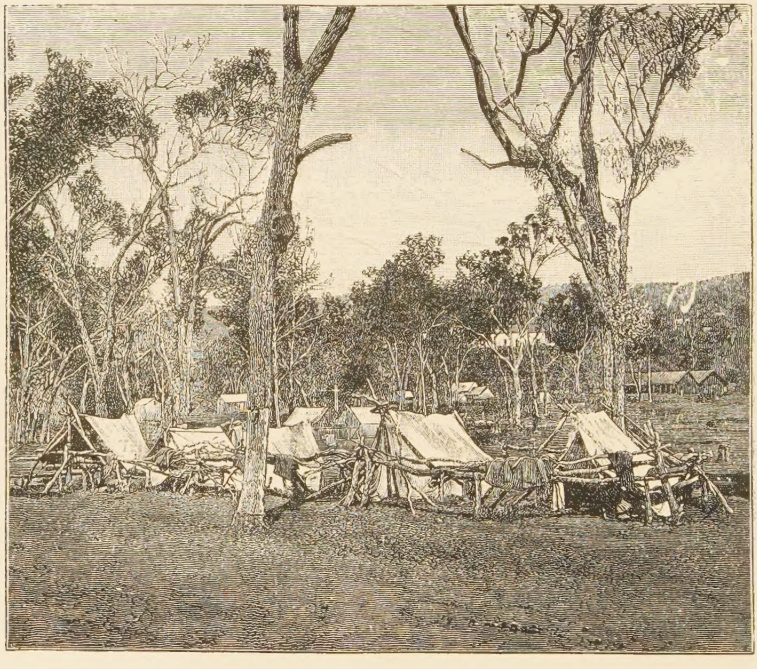
The botanical garden! how lovely it is! situated in a bend of the harbour, and gently sloping to the water's edge, planted with the rarest trees and flowers, ornamented with pretty statues, I know nothing of the kind that can compare with it.

The city of Melbourne was founded in 1835, and to-day has more than 500,000 inhabitants, the population of the entire colony being only 1,100,000. Thus the capital is nearly as populous as the rest of the colony. The city, with its activity, its broad, straight streets, its high buildings, its magnificent system of cable trams, is essentially American. In Col-

lins Street, you can easily fancy yourself in New York or Chicago.

Here, as well as in the other colonies, I cannot help being struck with the fact that the English colonies are in the hands of the Scots. Out of seven Governors, five are Scottish; the President of the Legislative Council is a Scot, and so are three-fourths of the councillors. Go to Broken Hill, the richest silver mine in the world, and you will see five great shafts leading to the treasures of the earth, bearing the following names: Drew, MacIntyre, MacGregor, Jamieson, and Maccullock, five Scots.

Adelaide, a town of 100,000 inhabitants, has not yet attained such an importance as Sydney or Melbourne, but it is making giant strides, and, thanks to its cereals, its vineyards, and its mines, it is destined to become the equal of these two great cities. Adelaide is built in blocks, American fashion, and is surrounded by superb parks. Beyond this it is hedged around with blue mountains; but the town is so clean, so coquettish looking, so neat, its general appearance so gay, that you forget the landscape and think of the comfort that must be found in all those attractive-looking houses.

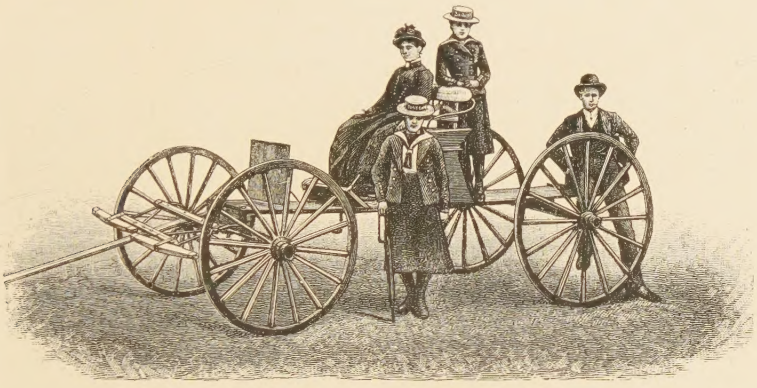


MINERS' CAMP.

Australia is a vast eucalyptus forest, with a superficial area about equal to that of Europe. Setting aside Queensland, where the vegetation is tropical, the eucalpytus is really the only tree that grows in these regions. In certain parts it attains a prodigious height. I have seen some four hundred feet high, and I measured several that had a circumference

equal to that of the famous giants of California. The eucalyptus leaves possess therapeutic properties which science is engaged in utilizing, and which make Australia one of the most healthy countries in the world.

The eucalyptus is not a handsome tree. The leaves, which are long and drooping, half close during the day, and give no shade; the trunk peels every year, and the bark hangs down its sides in strips. The numerous branches writhe in despair in all directions. You feel a sentiment of sadness penetrate you at the sight of this vegetation, to which nature has been niggardly.



AUSTRALIAN BUCKBOARD.

From the beginning of April to the end of October, Australia enjoys a magnificent climate; but in January, February, and March the heat is suffocating. The thermometer varies between 90 degrees and 120 degrees in the shade ; and, when the north-west wind blows, the atmosphere becomes almost unbearable.

But what a weird, sad-looking landscape ! No bright colours. All is dull and sombre, everything seems to be drooping and mourning. The verdure of the soil and of the trees is more grey than green, without any intensity of colour, and it never changes in appearance.

And how describe that profound, that solemn silence? I have been told that the bushman almost loses the faculty of speech in many instances, and it was not at all unusual to hear of shepherds having gone out of their minds. Miles from any town, unvisited by any human creature, save the man who brought him rations from month to month, and whom he missed seeing if he happened not to be in his hut when they were brought. The shepherd is alone in the solemnity of the bush, his only living companions the thousands of meek sheep and the faithful dog.

Alone, the laughing-jackass reminds you that one may find gaiety everywhere, even in the bush. He laughs consumedly, and his " Hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, ha, ha, ha, ha," is comic in the highest degree. When you hear him laugh, you want to laugh with him. This smallish, thickset bird has a head almost as large as his body, and a formidable beak, with which he attacks and destroys snakes ; so it is not surprising to find that he is held sacred by the

law of the colonies, which forbids you to shoot him.

The kangaroo, the wallaby, the opossum—the chief denizens of the forest—are all animals with the soft gaze of a gazelle, and perfectly inoffensive; even the little bear of the country, if you take up your gun to shoot it, sits staring up at you, and seems to say, "I have done you no harm, why do you aim that wicked thing at me?"

The wild duck, the hare, the magpie, the paroquet, the lovebird, all these you will find in great numbers in the bush, besides a host of superbly plumaged birds, among which the lyre-bird, with its tail-feathers forming a perfect lyre shape, stands pre-eminent.

Besides these, there is a creature impossible to overlook—the hated rabbit, pursued and dreaded more than a wild beast by the Australians, whose pastures he devours. The hatred is not to be wondered at, for the rabbits make such ravages that squatters go to the expense of putting wire fences all round their immense stations to keep them out. The rabbit race never could have dreamt that it would one day acquire such tremendous importance. More than once the rabbit question has occupied the attention of the parliaments of the different Australian colonies. The authorities were even for a long while in communication with M. Pasteur, seeking to obtain a virus which might be the means of exterminating the race.

A sad-looking figure is the "sundowner," who, as his name implies, turns up at sundown and claims the hospitality of the squatter. He is supplied with rations and a shelter for the night. Next morning he goes on his way if there is no work for him, and directs his steps towards some neighbouring station, where he will meet with the same kindness. He is always on the move. Sometimes there is work which he can do, and he stops to earn a few shillings; but more often he is not wanted, and he tramps through the bush, forgotten, lost in its immense solitudes. On his back are all his goods and chattels.

Another figure you meet—always on horseback or driving—is the minister. The good man is going to some squatter's station to pray with the family, who are too far removed from the nearest town to come often to service in church or chapel. He wears a moustache and rabbit-paw whiskers, in the Australian fashion, and he is white with dust from head to foot. Presently it is the doctor you pass, who is perhaps going on a fifty or sixty mile journey through the bush to attend an urgent case. Every one rides in Australia, the shop boy, the postman, the telegraph boy, the lamplighter, the beggar, even.

One grazier has twenty thousand sheep to be shorn, another, thirty thousand or more. Their flocks and herds astonished me, until I had been to Queensland, and had heard of a station as large as the whole of England, belonging to one man. Even then, it was difficult to restrain an exclamation of amazement at the sight of the great mobs of cattle and sheep one is constantly meeting on the road.

The sheep farmer pays a pound for the shearing of each hundred sheep, and there are some shearers so clever at the work that they can shear two hundred a day.

Australia is a vast continent, equal to four-fifths of the superficial area of Europe. It contains a tract of sterile land here and there, but, roughly speaking, its bowels are full of precious ore, and its surface is admirably suited

for raising cattle and sheep, and growing corn and fruit. If Australia had better rivers, it would be another America; unfortunately, it lacks water and hands. Its rivers in summer are mostly trickling streams or empty ditches, and the hands are not there to overcome the difficulty by irrigating the land.

The town of Bendigo produced in a few years £65,000,000 of gold. Ballarat ran this performance very close. Broken Hill produces 300,000 ounces of silver per week. Mount Morgan, in Queensland, is a mountain of gold. To get at the precious metal, the miners only have to cut into the mountain as one would cut a slice of cake.

The sovereign ruler of Australia, says Max O'Rell, in free and easy way, is the workingman. The Australian workman, still less interesting than his English cousin and confrere, is lazy, fond of drink, a devoted keeper of Saint Monday, a spendthrift, who thinks only of his pleasures, and takes no interest whatever in the development of his country. He will throw up the most lucrative job to go and see a horse-race a hundred miles from his home.

Of all the achievements which Australia can justly boast of, there is not one which surpasses what she has accomplished in the way of journalism. One wonders with amazement how a country so young, can keep alive, and even richly-flourishing, such daily papers. The Melbourne Age was printing a hundred thousand copies a day when I was in Australia.

The greatest event of the year, in colonial life, is the Melbourne Cup race. The prize is worth ten thousand pounds sterling; and such is the betting done upon this race, that, when the winning horse

SUMMER HILL CREEK, AUSTRALIA.

is announced, more than £500,000 change hands. The banks are closed, trade is suspended, and the whole colony is breathless with feverish impatience, until the name of the winner of the cup is published throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is a national event, only to be compared, for widespread intensity, to the Presidential election in America. When I was there, in spite of the pouring rain, there were nearly a hundred thousand people on the grounds, that is to say, one-tenth of the entire population of the colony. Here were people who had come a five days' sea voyage from New Zealand, others who had taken long journeys over land, others who had come from Tasmania.

The problem of federating Australia, says Dr. Parkin, presents some features different from those met with in the United States and Canada. The whole territory of a vast continent is divided among five colonies, each of which has therefore, in area, the proportions of an empire or kingdom, and far exceeds in size the States of the American Union, or the provinces of Canada. Each has a sea frontage of its own, and is thus independent of all others for external communication. These divisions, again, have grown up under a system of what may be called State socialism. The Government of each colony takes the chief part in developing its resources, by the construction of railways, irrigation systems, and other public works, involving the creation of large public debts.

SELECTORS.

The population is, and will continue to be, more purely British, than any countries yet occupied by Anglo-Saxon people. Ninety-five per cent. is British—either born in the colonies, or in the mother land. There is here nothing to parallel the elimination of the Anglo-Saxon element which is taking place so rapidly in the United States. There is no French province, with its in-

dividual lines of development, as in Canada. There is no large Dutch element, as in South Africa.

As a base of maritime power, the Australasian colonies manifestly furnish to the nation of which they are a part an opportunity for maintaining a supreme and indisputable control over a vast area of the southern seas. Their harbours, some of which are amongst the most capacious in the world, are yet for the most part capable of secure defence. Several are already supplied with docks, spacious enough to admit for repair the largest ships afloat. The more important are already strongly fortified. Melbourne is pronounced by competent authorities to be one of the best defended ports in the empire. In New South Wales, Queensland, Tasmania, and New Zealand, great neighbouring gold deposits increase the value of the harbours as stations for either carrying on or protecting trade.

Still more important, they have behind them great and increasing populations, capable of supplying adequate means of local defence. It is manifest that such colonies may be a great element of strength in any nation, and especially in one which chiefly depends for security on naval power. Along with South Africa, in the southern hemidshere, they complete what I have before called the quadrilateral of maritime position, which in the northern hemisphere is represented by the United Kingdom itself, and Canada, with the commanding outlook of the latter upon the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. A great sea power, enjoying the right to their exclusive

AUSTRALIAN TREE FERNS.

use, would in any conflict have an immeasurable advantage in maintaining command of the ocean.

Australasia easily leads the world, both in respect of quantity and quality of its products. In its ing meat, as well as wool, to the United Kingdom, has increased greatly during the last few years, and appears capable of indefinite expansion.

The production of gold, amount-

TURPENTINE TREE, AUSTRALIA.

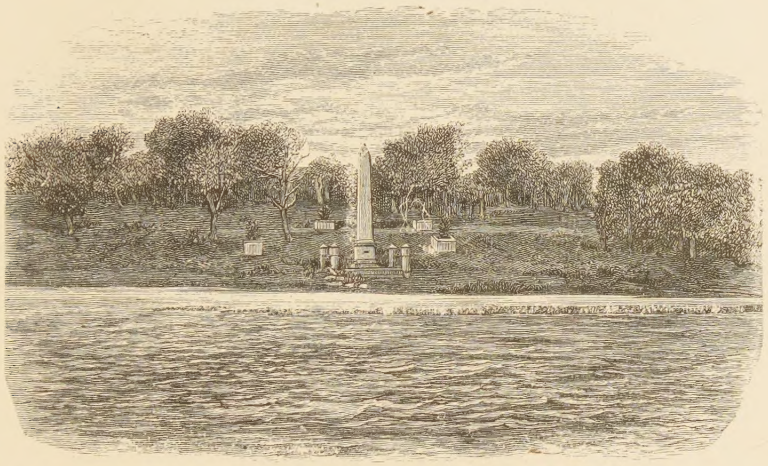
singular adaptation for pastoral pursuits, it seems the natural complement of a great manufacturing country like the United Kingdom, and of a cold country like Canada. Its capacity for supply-

ing to more than £300,000,000 in less than fifty years; of silver, copper, tin, and other metals, which in vast quantities find their chief market in Great Britain, indicate another important line of

connection with British industry. In proportion to population, the Australasian colonies take from Great Britain more than any other countries in the world; they are able to do so because they sell to her more than any other countries.

An able Australian writer lately said in The Times, "Australia is one of the least self-contained countries in the world. It is a wonderful producer of raw material, but it must trade off this raw material. A dozen big 'stations' would supply wool enough to clothe every man, woman, and child in Australia. How is the big remainder, almost the whole, to be disposed of? We must sell it in the other hemisphere." He goes on to say: "England could do without Australia better than Australia could do without England. The one imaginable event would mean something like ruin; the other, only disaster. England's prosperity is rooted in many countries, in so many that she is always able to turn a brave face in any single direction."

Man for man, the people of the colonies, leaving out India, consume British products out of all proportion to foreigners. In Germany and the United States the ordinary annual consumption per head of British manufactures is about 8s. per head, in France, 9s., in Canada, £1 15s., in the West Indies, £2 5s., in South Africa, £3, in Australasia, nearly £8. Thus three or four millions of people in Australasia take more of British goods than about fifty millions of people in Germany, and nearly as much as sixty millions of people in the United States. Only an artificial boundary separates Canada from the United States, yet an emigrant who goes north of that boundary immediately begins to purchase more than three times as much of British goods as one who goes south of it. As a customer to the British artisan, one Australian is worth sixteen Americans; one South African is worth seven or eight Germans. Figures such as these have suggested the remark that "trade follows the flag."



COOK'S MONUMENT, BOTANY BAY.

# IN SEARCH OF HIS GRAVE.*

BY BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT.

DAMASCUS GATE, JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem is a city of graves. It is itself a vast sepulchre ;

" Lost Salem of the Jews, great sepulchre
Of all profane and of all holy things."

It stands on a mass of debris averaging more than thirty feet in depth. The old Roman pavements lie forty feet below the Via Dolorosa. In some places it is fully one hundred feet from the surface to the solid rock below. The city has been twenty-seven times besieged. It has been burned and shaken by earthquakes again and again. The ridge on which it stands, the valleys that encircle it, and the mountains round about are full of human dust accumulated through ages. Here have fallen the brave men of many an army: Canaanite, Israelite, Persian, Egyptian, Syrian, Philistine, Greek, Roman, Saracen, Turk, Christian. It is not a " national cemetery," but it is a cemetery of all the nations ; a cemetery open and occupied for thirty centuries. Dead Jebusites, dead Israelites, dead kings, dead soldiers, dead prophets, dead martyrs, dead pilgrims. There is no such cemetery in all the world.

On all sides of Jerusalem and in all her valleys is the thick dust of the departed.

" The earth rings hollow from beneath
And warns us by her dead."

On Mount Zion is the carefully guarded tomb of David. " It is possible that the tombs and sarcophagi and perhaps even the bodily remains of David and Solomon and some of his successors may yet be found." No wonder that the Jews flock in multitudes to Jerusalem to spend their last

* Abridged by kind permission from Bishop Vincent's admirable book on this subject. Flood & Vincent, Publishers, Meadville, Pa.

days and to find their sepulchres. As Charlotte Elizabeth sings:

> "But oh how pleasant 'tis to die
> Where Israel's ruined glories lie!
> How sweet to bid her children's bones
> Blend with the dust of Salem's stones.
> Here is the mould beneath them spread
> And here the sod above their head."

While we stand on Mount Olivet commanding the fine view of the Holy City the question arises: Where was it that He died? Where is Calvary? And the new tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, where is that? What if the spiritual dispensation under which the race was brought by the resurrection, and the gift of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, made men in the beginning utterly indifferent to the mere localities of the New Testament history? What if He ordained this, who said to the woman under the shadow of Mount Gerizim, so sacred to the Samaritans, "Neither in this mountain nor in Jerusalem shall ye worship the Father . . . true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth"? It is a fact that no one knoweth of our Lord's sepulchre unto this day. And this is well. One may lose the inward force by excessive devotion to the outward form. We must not worship on the "high places" nor bow before "graven images." We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen.

ST. STEPHEN'S GATE, JERUSALEM.

There is an old saying that "Nothing is certain in Jerusalem." When one remembers the spiritual quality of the early church, its indifference to "things" and modes, its absorption in the verities of the Spirit, its devotion to the Christ invisible and enthroned, and when one in addition to that recalls the changes which wars, sieges, fires, pestilences, famines, earthquakes, wrought in the physical condition of the city of Jerusalem before the Church degenerated into the

puerilities and idolatries which had obtained such a hold before the Empress Helena came to dream and dig and be guided by miracles, which satisfy only the credulous and simply amuse the scientific.

Mr. Schick, of Jerusalem, says, "My conviction is that the ques-

THE HILL WITHOUT THE DAMASCUS GATE.

*Now generally supposed to be the site of the crucifixion. The "Grotto of Jeremiah" is underneath, behind the wall.*

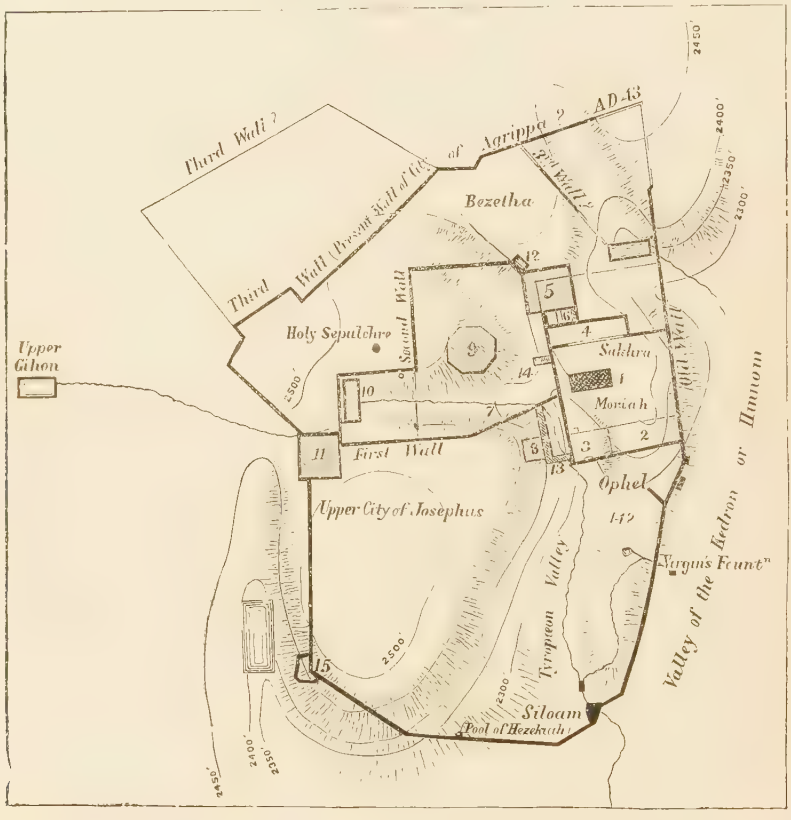
he will not wonder that the "true cross" and the "true Calvary" and the "true sepulchre" should be identified not by rational investigation, but by supernatural signs tion of the real Calvary will never be satisfactorily settled by controversy, but only by excavation." Mr. Schick is a recent partial convert to the "Church of the Holy

Sepulchre" tradition, and his statement just quoted is proof that he is not yet satisfied. There are serious arguments against the theory which places the scene of the crucifixion and burial of Christ within the walls of the present city. Concerning the church itself, Major Conder writes :

"It is a grim and wicked old building that we now approach. No other edifice has been directly the cause of more human misery or defiled with more blood. There are those who would willingly look upon it as the real place of the Saviour's tomb, but I confess that, for myself, having twice witnessed the annual orgy which disgraces its walls, the annual imposture which is countenanced by its priests, and the fierce emotions of sectarian

WITHOUT THE WALLS, NEAR ST. STEPHEN'S GATE, JERUSALEM.

hate and blind fanaticism which are called forth by the supposed miracle, and remembering the tale of blood connected with the history of the church, I should be loth to think that the Sacred Tomb had been a witness for so many years of so much human ignorance, folly and crime."



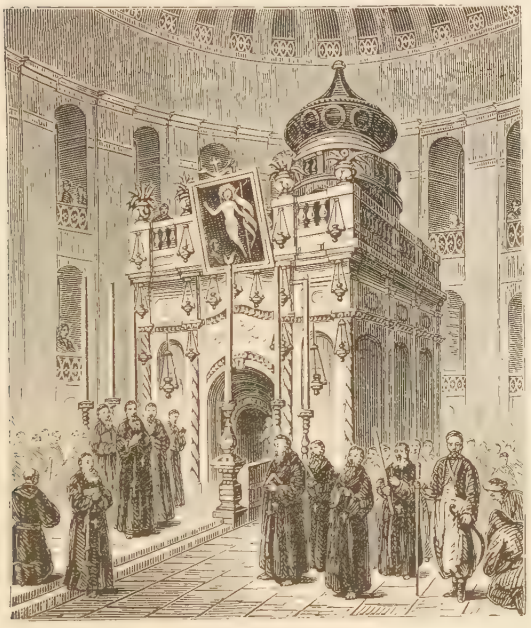

PLAN OF JERUSALEM.

About four hundred feet north-east of the Damascus Gate is the now famous "Skull Hill," which is by many believed to be the true site of Calvary. Under it on the south-eastern side is "Jeremiah's Grotto." To the west of the hill is a tomb which General Gordon believed to be the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. Major Conder thus describes the hill itself:

"The stony road comes out from the beautiful Damascus Gate, and runs beside the yellow cliff, in which are excavated caverns. Above the cliff, which is some thirty feet high, is the rounded knoll without any building on it, bare of trees, and in spring covered in part with scanty grass, while a great portion is occupied by a Moslem cemetery. From the knoll a view of the city, backed by the Moab hills, is obtained, and of the long white chalky ridge of Olivet, dotted with olives. The place is bare and dusty, surrounded by

stony ground and by heaps of rubbish, and exposed to the full glare of the summer sun. Such is the barren hill which by consent of Jewish and Christian tradition is identified with the place of stoning, or of execution, according to Jewish law."

While Major Conder accepts the New Calvary, he locates Joseph's tomb on the side of a mound five hundred feet south-west of the Gordon tomb, and about seven hundred and fifty feet north-west of the Damascus Gate.



CHAPEL OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

The Rev. J. E. Hanauer, of the Church of England, resident for many years in Jerusalem, and a valuable contributor to recent Syrian literature, states in the following words the arguments in favour of the "New Calvary": "The place is visible afar off, from the west and south, as well as from the slopes of Olivet on the east, and the Hill of Evil Counsel on the south; and within eye and ear-shot of it are many places where priests and scribes could have stood without fear of ceremonial pollution. Nor is this all, for the grotto underneath it is pointed out as that where Jeremiah wrote his Lamentations, and where according to a tradition found in a Christian apocryphal book written about A.D. 160, the prophet Jeremiah was stoned. The Jews of the present day identify the site with the Beth ha Sekelah, or House of Stoning, mentioned in the Mishna, A.D. 160. It also appears to have been the custom to hang on a tree or cross the bodies of those who were stoned. The first to have suggested this spot as the site of Calvary is said to have been Dr. Rufus Anderson."

There are other theories as to the site of Calvary. Major Conder accepts "Skull Hill" as possibly the true Calvary, but finds the tomb on the site of the mound not far from the Damascus Gate. General Gordon, holding also the Skull Hill theory, sees the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea under its western slope. Fergusson claims that the Mosque of Omar on the Temple Area was once the Church of the Resurrection, and that the cave of the rock beneath it was the grave of our Lord. The "American Colony," a unique and lovely company of Christian believers and workers resident in Jerusalem, "point to the Ash Heaps, supposed to be the remains of the ashes from the ancient temple-sacrifices, and if so, the place where, in the sin offering, the bodies of those beasts whose blood is brought into the sanctuary by the high priest for sin,

are burned without the camp." Dr. Edwin A. Clark, in 1811, located the long-looked-for sepulchre among the tombs of Aceldama.

> "Bare ridge that frowns over Hinnom's vale
> Fronting the grey and melancholy slopes
> Of Zion, where yon Moslem minaret
> Proclaims the sepulchre of Judah's Kings.
> . . . . .
> This sad field of silent sepulchres
> This old Aceldama—this field of blood."

Dr. R. F. Hutchinson and others insist that the scene of the crucifixion was near the public road, on the Mount of Olives, and gone down to the Pool of Siloam, and tarried in Bethany; we know that here, within the circle of our vision, he has suffered agony and death, and that from this little point went out all the light that has made the world greater and happier and better in its later than in its earlier days."

"The churches of the Holy Sepulchre or of the Holy House may be closed against us, but we have still the Mount of Olives and the Sea of Galilee; the sky, the

ACELDAMA.

within easy hail of reviling priests, across or on the left or eastern side of the valley of Kedron and near a garden. They therefore look for the sacred spot on the western slopes of the Mount of Olives.

In the presence of these diverse views we may say with Bayard Taylor: "So far from being a matter of regret, I, for one, rejoice that those sacred spots are lost to the world. Christianity does not need them, and they are spared a profanation in the name of religion. We know that Christ has walked flowers, the trees, the fields which suggested the Parables,—the holy hills which cannot be moved but stand fast forever."

We append the recent opinion of the Rev. Canon Tristram, published in the Sunday-school Times, in May, 1896.—Ed.

### "The Place Which is Called Calvary."

By H. B. Tristram, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

Where was this place? On this question the fiercest controversies have been waged, just as, for the possession of the supposed site, the bloody struggles of

the crusaders were carried on for centuries; and, even in our own day, one of the historic wars of this century had its origin in a dispute about the "holy places." Personally, I have formed a very definite opinion on the question, which has been confirmed by the explorations continuously made since my first visit to the country, forty years ago.

We know that in all ancient cities executions were immediately outside the walls, that they took place immediately after sentence, that the condemned were led forth from the judgment hall direct to the nearest gate. We also know that Pilate's judgment hall was identical with the castle of Antonia, at the north-west angle of the temple area, and, as was shown at the siege of Titus, the key which commands the whole. The castle is still the palace and judgment hall of the Turkish pasha. From it leads a street, known as the Via Dolorosa, to the Damascus Gate, the direct thoroughfare from the castle to the country outside. This street, as has been shown by excavations, follows the line of the ancient street. The gate answers to the "Gate of Samaria."

The road outside, leading to Samaria and Damascus, has remained unchanged from the dawn of history, with its ruts deeply worn in its rocky bed. Just outside the gate is a low, rounded, turf-clad mound, rising gently from the east, and terminating on the west in a perpendicular rocky face. It might well be compared to a skull, whether viewed in front or behind. This is exactly the sort of spot that would have been selected in ancient times as a place of execution,—close to the great thoroughfare. The ground to the westward, irregularly undulating, is occupied by olive-trees and gardens, and full of ancient sepulchres, hewn in the rock wherever it projects above the surface, or excavated below ground, and accessible by steps. Some of these ancient tombs, evidently the sepulchres of the rich and great, and which, according to ancient custom, would be in their gardens, are close to the mound.

Amongst these, one known as "Gordon's tomb," is hewn in the west face of the little cliff. It was revealed by the clearing away of the *débris* which had accumulated and concealed the entrance. It consists of a small square chamber hewn out of the rock, reached by a narrow doorway, which is chiseled out for the reception of a stone door. Inside, at the farther end of the chamber, is hewn a solitary *kokim*, or sarcophagus, for one body. There were no traces of bones, or of any use having been made of the sepulchre, and the deposit at the bottom of the *kokim*, when analyzed, showed no trace of animal matter. We do not assert that this is the tomb of Joseph, but we may say that it meets all the conditions of the problem. The tomb and the ground adjacent have recently been purchased and placed in the hands of trustees, to secure it from being built upon, or otherwise desecrated.

Why do we reject the traditional site, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre? Because that site must have been within the second wall, which existed in the time of our Lord, unless that wall made a re-entering angle, for the purpose of leaving that site outside. But, if it were outside, the contour of the original surface shows that the wall must have been built so as to be exposed to assault from higher ground immediately outside, which would be contrary to military strategy and common sense. How, then, came the tradition to be established? It goes no farther back than the time of the Empress Helena, three hundred years after the event,—a most credulous and uncritical age. The empress wished the site to be found, and her servants at once gratified her. A continuous tradition before that time was impossible. From the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus the Christians were driven away, and when, after the revolt of Bar Chocheba, Hadrian, in 135 A.D., razed Jerusalem again to the ground, he ploughed over the ruins, and established a Roman colony. The new city, Ælia Capitolina, was filled with heathen temples, and no Jew was allowed to enter it on pain of death. The very name of Jerusalem was forgotten. How was it possible that, through all these vicissitudes, the memory of an inconspicuous spot should have been preserved?

## THE MARRIAGE VOW.

Speak it not lightly, it is a holy thing!
A tie enduring through all future years,
When joy o'er thine abode is hovering,
And when thine eyes are wet with secret tears;
O kneel then humbly at God's altar now,
And pray for strength to keep the marriage vow.

—*Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

# MEMORIES OF THE BAY OF NAPLES.

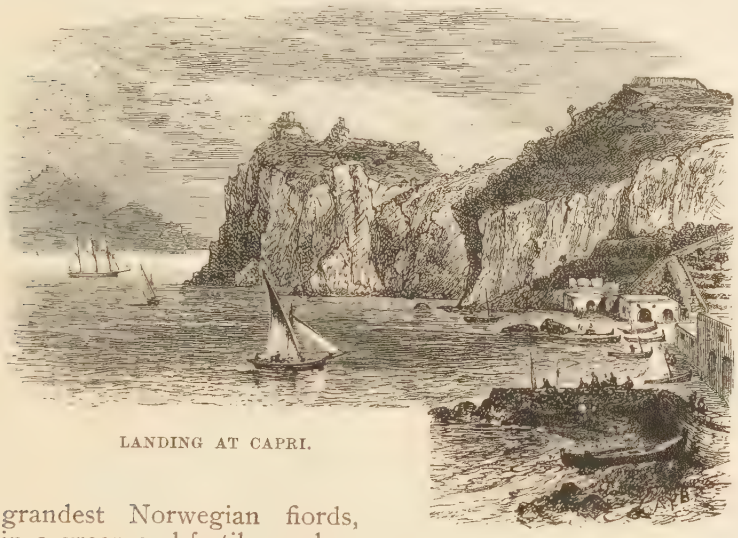
BY EUSTACE A. R. BELL AND W. H. WITHROW.

NATURAL ARCH, ISLAND OF CAPRI.

Quite apart from the charm with which ancient fable and poetry have invested this district, the astonishing profusion of ruins makes it especially interesting to the antiquary. A single morning's walk in the environs of Baiae or Cumae will reveal countless fragmentary monuments of antiquities quite outside of the stock ruins of the guide-books, which the utilitarian instincts of the country people only partially conceal. Roman tombs serve as granaries or receptacles for garden produce, ancient temples afford stable-room for goats and donkeys, amphitheatres are half-concealed by olive-orchards or orange-groves, walls of ancient villas are utilized in building up the terraced vineyards. The trained eye of an antiquary would, in a day's walk, detect a sufficient quantity of antique material almost to reconstruct another Pompeii.

Capri, as viewed from Naples, is the most attractive and striking feature in the bay. There is a kind of fascination about this rocky island-garden which is felt equally by the callow tourist making his first visit to Italy, and by the seasoned traveller who knew Capri when it was the centre of an art colony as well known as is that of Newlyn at the present day.

The slight annoyance caused by the great crowds is amply compensated for by the beauties of the extraordinary grand scenery which is to be found within the island desecrated by memories of that "deified beast Tiberius," as Dickens calls him. What constitutes the chief charm of the natural features of Capri are the sharp contrasts and the astonishing variety in the scenery. Rugged precipices, in height exceeding the cliffs of Tintagel, and in beauty and boldness of outline surpassing the crags of the grandest Norwegian fiords, wall in a green and fertile garden-land covered with orange-orchards, olive-groves, and corn-fields, a region as rich and productive as the Channel Islands.



LANDING AT CAPRI.

Cruising round this rock-bound and apparently inaccessible island, it seems a natural impregnable fortress, a sea-girt Gibraltar guarding the entrance of the Gulf, girdled round with precipitous crags, rising a thousand feet sheer out of the sea, the cliff outline broken by steep ravines and rocky headlands, with outworks of crags, reefs, and titanic masses of tumbled rocks.

This little speck on the earth's surface, now given up solely to fishing, pastoral pursuits, and the exploitation of tourists, and as little affected by public affairs as if it were in the midst of the Mediterranean, instead of being almost within cannon-shot of the metropolis of Southern Italy, has passed through many vicissitudes. Conquered in turn by Phoenicians, Greeks, and Romans; under Rome it was little known and little used, merely as a lighthouse station for the benefit of the corn-galleys plying from Sicily to Naples, till the old Emperor Augustus took a fancy to it, and used it as a sanatorium for his declining days. Some years later we find this isolated rock in the occupation of the infamous Tiberius, as the seat of government from which he ruled the destinies of the whole empire.

One cannot be many hours in Capri without being reminded of its tutelary genius, the infamous Tiberius. In fact, as Mr. A. J. Symonds has forcibly expressed it, "The hoof-print of illustrious crime is stamped upon the island."

All the "religio loci," if such a phrase is permissible in connection with Tiberius, seems centred in his unsavoury personality. We cannot get away from him. His palaces and villas seem to occupy every prominent point in the island. Even the treasure-trove of the antiquary bears undenying witness to his vices, and shows that Suetonius in spite of recent attempts to whitewash the Emperor's memory, did not trust to mere legends and fables for his biography.

Even the most ardent students of Roman history would surely be glad to be rid of this forbidding spectre that forces itself so persistently on their attention. To judge by the way in which the simple Capriotes seek to perpetuate the name of their illustrious patron, one might almost suppose that the Emperor, whose name is proverbial as a personification of crime and vice, had gone through some process akin to canonization.

A bevy of boys and girls selling shells and coral, and of donkey-women, beset the tourist. A fatiguing climb up a stone stairway conducts one to the village of Capri, where we dined in a hotel embowered among orange trees. At the extreme point of the cliff are shown the ruins of the Villa di Tiberio, where the lord of the old Roman world retired to revel in cruelty and profligacy. A precipitous spot, where the cliff plunges sheer down 900 feet, is pointed out as the place where he used to hurl his victims into the seething sea. Part of the magnificent villa is now used as a cow byre.

The village of Anacapri is reached by a long stairway in the rock of 783 steps, part of which is shown in the cut on this page. The fatigue of the climb is, however, compensated by the magnificent outlook over the island, the glorious bay of Naples, and the adjoining mainland. We descended from Capri to the lesser landing, Marina Piccola, by a rugged path, and engaged three brawny, brigand-looking boatmen, who rowed us in their stout fishing craft around to the island. We visited the white grotto—where the water looked like curdled milk—the

STEPS AT ANACAPRI.

green grotto, and the stalactite grotto, and sailed under a magnificent natural arch, and through a very rough sea, dashing the spray right over our boat, to the steamboat landing. The shadows of the beetling crags, which looked as if they would topple on our heads, stretched over the intensely deep blue sea—the most exquisite blend-

ing of the sublime and beautiful we ever beheld.

If I had not seen it, I could not have believed it possible that water could be so intensely blue as that of this lovely bay. In the sunshine it was a light, and in the shadow a deep, ultramarine ; but as clear as crystal. I could see the starfish on the bottom in from five to ten fathoms of water, and the dolphins, disporting in the waves, were visible at a much greater distance. These favourites of Apollo can outstrip the swiftest steamer, so rapidly do they swim. To them the principal shrine of Apollo owed its name, also the French province of Dauphine, which gave the title to the heir to the throne of France. They could not be eaten during Lent without sin, because they are not really fish, but mammals.

The gem of the island, however, is the celebrated blue grotto. It is entered from the sea by a low arch scarce three feet high. The visitor must lie down in the bottom of the boat. Within, it expands to a large vaulted chamber. The effect of the blue refraction of the light is dazzling, and the body of the boatman who swims about in the water gleams like silver.

As one re-embarks on the steamer, half-naked boys disporting in the water cry out, "Monnaie, Signor, monnaie." When coins are thrown them, they dive like dolphins and bring them up in their teeth. On the adjacent mainland, Sorrento, the birth-place of Tasso, sits like a queen on a throne of rock, embowered amid groves of orange, olive, mulberry, pomegranates, figs, and aloes—a very garden of delight.

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## WAITING.

BY M. LE SUER M'GILLIS.

"O, rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desire."

O God, Thou tarriest long, my heart is faint,
Mine eyes are dim with weeping tears of pain ;
Morn, noon and night thou hear'st my sad complaint,
Let not my prayers and tears be all in vain.

"Wait patiently for Him," though mine eyes fail
With looking for the dawn, it comes at last ;
The glad sweet day shall chase the shadows pale,
And on my heart a ray of brightness cast.

Again I hear the music, loud and sweet,
And "He shall give thy heart's desire to thee,"
I *cannot* wait, but prostrate at Thy feet
I cry, Oh, *give* my heart's desire to me!

My heart's desire, O Lord, Thou know'st it well,
I ask Thee for a soul to be made Thine,
A soul more dear than feeble words can tell,
Let in that heart Thy loveliest image shine.

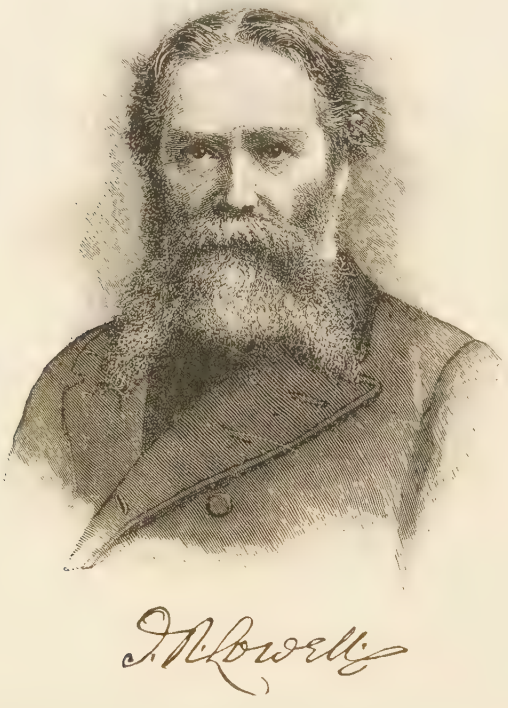
For me, I'd stand without Thy holy place,
So that this soul should enter at Thy door,
Content to miss the shining of Thy face,
So this dear one were safe for evermore.

But Thy deep love bids both to enter in,
So will I wait and rest me in Thy word ;
And some sweet day, more glad than yet has been,
I'll take my heart's desire from Thee, dear Lord.

WINNIPEG.

# JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AND THE BIGLOW PAPERS.*

BY C. A. CHANT, B.A.



When James Russell Lowell died in 1891, he was America's most distinguished man of letters. Just fifty years before, when he had barely passed his nonage, he published his first slender volume, entitled, "A Year's Life." In 1838, three years earlier, he had written a poem for his graduating class at Harvard, though he was not allowed to recite it at Commencement, having been rusticated to the vil-

* The following editions of Lowell's works are published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York:

Complete Works. Standard Library Edition. With 66 steel engravings, photogravures, and etchings. 11 vols., 8vo, $22.00 net.

Works. New Riverside Edition, with portraits, indexes, etc. 12 vols., crown 8vo, the set, $17.50.

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Cabinet Edition. 16mo, $1.00.

The Biglow Papers. First and second series. New popular edition. Complete in one volume, 12mo, $1.00.

lage of Concord, because he would not attend college prayers at six in the morning. He entered the legal profession in 1840, but, as might easily be supposed, his heart could not be bound up in dry sheep-skin, and he was not a great success. In describing his experiences, he says :

"I had been in my office a month. I had fourteen blank writs, and other blanks in abundance, and my own face, from constant association, began to grow blank also."

But he spent his leisure time in literary work. In 1855, he succeeded Longfellow as professor of modern languages at Harvard, and held that position until 1877. During this time also he was busily occupied at verse and prose. The Atlantic Monthly was started in 1857, and Lowell was chosen editor. From 1864 to 1873 he held a similar position on The North American Review. In 1877, he went to Madrid as United States Minister, and three years later was transferred to the Court of St. James. Here he remained for five years, and was to the English one of the finest examples of a democratic American citizen.

His prose essays exhibit a remarkable breadth of knowledge, while the numerous flashes of humour and clever bits of satire make them charming reading. He is universally acknowledged to have been a critic of the highest order, but it was not thus that he gained his widest distinction. Not thus did he come closest to the hearts of his countrymen. Fame came to him, and he realized the object of his life, on the publication of a series of fugitive poems, the first set of the Biglow Papers.

The theme of both the first and the second series was the abolition of slavery; and with a soul burning with indignation at the foul sin of slave-dealing, he poured forth a sparkling stream of white-hot satire, which with startling rapidity spread everywhere, and burned wherever it went. Indeed, it seemed to be as quick and effective in producing consternation as is a live electric wire.

The first series was occasioned by the Mexican War. At the beginning of the present century, the possessions of the country whence Columbus sailed were still very numerous in America. Most of the West India Islands, Florida, California, and Mexico, in fact, all the south-western part of what is now the United States, belonged to Spain. The former country had partial claims on Florida, and also upon Texas. In return for the renunciation by Spain of any claim on Florida, the United States gave up all claim upon Texas. Soon afterwards, Mexico revolted from Spain, and became independent, and then Texas united with it. However, in 1845, the United States decided to annex Texas, and the trouble arising from the determination of the boundary line between Mexico and Texas, brought on the Mexican War.

There were many reasons why the Southern States desired the addition of Texas. It would strengthen their hands in the federal government at Washington, and besides, it would give a wide area into which to extend the iniquitous traffic in slaves. To many of the abolitionists in the North, the latter seemed the chief reason, and hence we find Garrison, Phillips, and other noted men of the time, bitterly opposed to the disgraceful war. The majority of the people in the North either favoured the war, or were quite apathetic.

One day, in 1846, Lowell was in a lawyer's office in Boston, when he heard the unusual sound of a fife and drum. A recruiting sergeant was going about the city

calling for volunteers to form a Massachusetts regiment, to go down and fight the Mexicans. Lowell's eye flashed, and his indignation was expressed in caustic ejaculations. Before many days had passed, the Boston Courier published the first poem by Hosea Biglow, strongly satirising the slavery party, and delighting the abolitionists. The poem is prefixed by a letter from Ezekiel Biglow, who states that, "Our Hosea wuz down to Boston last week, and he see a 'cruetin' Sarjunt a-struttin' round as popler as a hen with 1 chicking, with 2 fellers a drummin' and fifin' arter him like all nater." He says, further, that the sergeant wanted to "hook him in, but Hosy woodn't take none o' his sarse." When Hosea came home he was "considerabal riled," and after the old folks had retired, they "heern him a thrashin' round." The sequel of it was, that next morning Hosea came down with his poetry, and the proud father asks the editor, if he sees fit to print it, to "jest let folks know who Hosy's father is."

The poem certainly starts out with a great deal of vigour :

"Thrash away, you'll *her* to rattle
On them kittle-drums o' yourn,—
'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle
Thet is ketched with mouldy corn ;
Put in stiff, you fifer feller,
Let folks see how spry you be,—
Guess you'll toot till you are yeller
'Fore you git ahold o' me !"

Hosea is the extremest of peace men :

"Ez fur war, I call it murder,—
There you hev it plain an' flat ;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that.

"'Taint your eppyletts an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more right ;
'Taint afollerin' your bell-wethers
Will excuse ye in His sight ;
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment aint to answer for it,
God'll send the bill to you.

"Wut's the use o' meetin'-goin'
Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it's right to go amowin'
Feller-men like oats an' rye?
I dunno but wut it's pooty
Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—
But it's curus Christian dooty
This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats."

But his heart sank within him when he saw his native State giving assistance.

"Massachusetts, God forgive her,
She's akneelin' with the rest,
She, thet ough' to ha' clung forever
In her grand old eagle-nest ;
She thet ough' to stand so fearless
Wile the wracks are round her hurled,
Holdin' up a beacon peerless
To the oppressed of all the world !"

And well might he feel sad. It was his grandfather, John Lowell, who had inserted in the constitution of Massachusetts the phrase, "All men are created free and equal," which emancipated every slave in that commonwealth as soon as the constitution was adopted.

"Come, I'll tell ye wut I'm thinkin'
Is our dooty in this fix,
They'd ha' done 't ez quick ez winkin'
In the days o' seventy-six.

"Clang the bells in every steeple,
Call all true men to disown
The tradoocers of our people,
The enslavers o' their own ;
Let our dear old Bay State proudly
Put the trumpet to her mouth,
Let her ring this messidge loudly
In the ears of all the South :—

"I'll return ye good fer evil
Much ez we frail mortils can,
But I wun't go help the Devil
Makin' man the cus o' man ;
Call me coward, call me traiter,
Jest ez suits your mean idees,—
Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
An' the friend o' God an' Peace !"

No doubtful phrases there! We could not conceive any stronger assertions of anti-slavery sentiment, or of condemnation of the entire contest. And yet it was only eight years previously that Lowell was found decidedly opposed to the abolitionists. What was the secret

of this sweeping conversion? It is directly traceable to one who is declared to have been "a singularly gentle person in her aspect and manners — fair, sweet, benign, thoughtful, ideal." Maria White was Lowell's junior by four years, and lived a mile or two from his father's house at Cambridge. Her brother was a classmate of his, in both arts and law, and had given up his law practice to devote himself to the anti-slavery agitation, becoming an itinerant lecturer in the cause. Should we wonder then, when we are told that this "charming girl—of remarkable genius, of perfect simplicity, of exquisite beauty, and entire self-forgetfulness," should be able to call forth from the innermost depths of the poet's soul those noble traits of character possessed by his most honourable ancestors?

Lowell tells us that when he wrote the first paper he had no definite plan and no intention of ever writing another. The effect was wonderful. From being an author far from popular, he found his verses copied, read and recited everywhere. At once he realized what responsibility rested upon him, and began to plan how to continue the work. To do so he created two more characters. One was the Rev. Homer Wilbur, A.M., pastor of the First Church of Jaalam, who was to exhibit the more cautious element of the New England character, as Mr. Biglow should impersonate the homely Yankee wit; the other was Birdofredum Sawin, Esq., who was to be the clown of his little puppet show, as he calls it, and who was to be the mouthpiece for the wit that bubbled forth from the author.

The Rev. Mr. Wilbur is a "prim, opinionated, pedantic old parson," saturated with classical phrases and theological lore, which he never omits to exhibit in his extensive comments on everything that Mr. Sawin or Mr. Biglow wrote.

The parson's introductions and postscripts are often tremendously long, but they are a splendid triumph of shrewdness and wit. We read every word of them, lined from end to end with the poet's brightest thought.

The second paper is another letter from Mr. Biglow, enclosing a letter from Mr. B. Sawin, who had been "fool enuff to goe atrottin' inter misschiff arter a drum and a fife," and who was now a full private in the Massachusetts regiment down fighting the Mexicans. Mr. Sawin had written to Mr. Biglow, detailing some of his experiences, and though "kind o' prest with Hayin," Hosea hastily threw it into verse, thinking it would read best that way. He also "intusspussed a few refleckshuns hear and thair." Mr. Sawin says:

"This kind o' sogerin' aint a mite like our
October trainin',
A chap could clear right out from there
ef't only looked like rainin',
An' th' Cunnles, tu, could kiver up their
shappoes with bandanners,
An' send the insines skootin' to the bar-
room with their banners."

. . . . . .

"This sort o' thing aint *jest* like thet—I
wish that I was furder,—
Ninepunce a day for killin' folks comes
kind 'o low fer murder.

. . . . . .

"There's sutthin' gits into my throat thet
makes it hard to swaller,
It comes so nateral to think about a hem-
pen collar;
It's glory,—but, in spite o' all my tryin'
to git callous,
I feel a kind o' in a cart, aridin' to the
gallus.
But when it comes to *bein'* killed,—I tell
ye I felt streaked
The fust time 't ever I found out wy bag-
gonets wuz peaked."

He recalled the big "hoorawin'," and the eloquent speeches at the time of his enrolment, made, however, by men who thought it not advisable to enlist themselves.

It was the old story of enchantment at a distance.

"The country here thet Mister Bolles declared to be so charmin'
Throughout is swarmin' with the most alarmin' kind o' varmin'."

He was almost devoured by snakes, scorpions, and other noxious things; his officers were somewhat overbearing; yet, though he could not exactly see the justice of the war, he thinks,

"—Wal, taint no use ajawin',
I'm safe enlisted for the war,
Yourn,
BIRDOFREDOM SAWIN."

Mr. Sawin's name was due to that accidental rhyme.

The next paper is, "What Mr. Robinson Thinks," but as it is chiefly satire of persons few of us know anything about, it is not so full of interest.

Then we have some remarks made by Increase D'Ophace, Esq., at a caucus in State Street. Mr. Biglow was present, and recorded some gems of political philosophy:

"A marciful Providunce fashioned us holler
O' purpose thet we might our principles swaller.
. . . . . .
"I'm willin' a man should go tollable strong
Agin wrong in the abstract, fer thet kind o' wrong
Is ollers unpop'lar an' never gets pitied,
Because it's a crime no one never committed;
But he mus'n't be hard on partickler sins,
Coz then he'll be kickin' the people's own shins."

This wonderful speech leads the Rev. Homer Wilbur, A.M., to remark, among many other things, that "The two faculties of speech and speech-making are wholly diverse in their natures. By the first we make ourselves intelligible, by the last unintelligible, to our fellows."

The "Debate in the Sennit, sot to a nusry rhyme," is a most severe satire on Calhoun, who insisted that meddling with slavery would break up the Union. The time-serving editors of the North received a right royal castigation in the sixth paper, which is entitled "The Pious Editor's Creed." The editor has many articles of belief, of which I quote three:

"I du believe the people want
A tax on teas an' coffees,
Thet nothin' aint extravygunt,—
Purvidin' I'm in office;
Fer I hev loved my country sence
My eye-teeth filled their sockets,
An' Uncle Sam I reverence,
Partic'larly his pockets.

"I du believe in special ways
O' prayin' an' convartin';
The bread comes back in many days,
An' buttered, tu, fer sartin
. . . . . .
"In short, I firmly du believe
In Humbug generally,
Fer it's a thing thet I perceive
To hev a solid vally."

At a public meeting at Jaalam, Mr. Biglow was asked to write letters to candidates for the Presidency, to get their views on some questions of interest. He wrote to 271 generals, and got 209 answers. These were all quite similar:

"Ez to my princerples, I glory
In hevin' nothin' o' the sort;
I aint a Whig, I aint a Tory,
I'm jest a candidate in short;"

and as the postscripts to all were identical, he prints one. The substance of it is: "You get me inside the White House, and I'll get you inside the lighthouse at Jaalam Point." Whereupon the wise parson remarks that, "Epistles candidatial are of two kinds—namely, letters of acceptance, and letters definitive of position. Our republic, on the eve of an election, may safely enough be called a republic of letters."

The last two papers of the first series are two letters from Mr. Sawin. In the first we see him returning a "miles emeritus,"—but not all of him, as he could not, himself, tell where the whole of his person was. He has lost a leg,

an arm, four fingers, an eye, and has had six ribs broken.

> "But then, thinks I, at any rate there's glory to be hed,—
> Thet's an investment, arter all, that mayn't turn out so bad;
> But somehow, when we'd fit an' licked, I ollers found the thanks
> Gut kin' o' lodged afore they come ez low down ez the ranks;
> The Gin'rals gut the biggest sheer, the Cunnles next, an' so on,—
> *We* never gut the leastest mite o' glory ez I know on."

But as the quarrel is settled now, he decides to come out as a presidential candidate, and asks his friends to rally round old "Timbertoes,"—

> "Thet's wut the people likes,
> Sutthin' combinin' morril truth with phrases sech ez strikes."

To reach the status of a candidate, he thought it absolutely imperative to possess some slaves, and so he started out to secure them, by fair means or foul. Soon he reached a house before which gambolled in the sun,

> "Some little woolly-headed cubs, ez many'z six or more,

while Pomp was hoeing corn close by. This was a rich find. Threatening them with his musket, he drove them on before him, until his wooden leg began to chafe and he sat down to rest. To make sure of his prize, he ordered his darkies to sit round him in a ring, and he ciphered up how much the lot would bring.

> "But," says he, "wile I drinked the peaceful cup of a pure heart an' mind,
> (Mixed with some wiskey, now an' then)
> Pomp he snaked up behind,
> An' creepin' grad'lly close tu, ez quiet ez a mink,
> Jest grabbed my leg, and then pulled foot, quicker 'an you could wink."

Before he could recover himself, they were all hiding behind trees; and then the tables were turned. Sawin could not obtain his leg again, until he had thrown away his gun and pistols; and, having done this, Pomp made him walk directly back to his cornpatch, and there kept him a prisoner at hard labour all the summer. However, his lazy habits had not won him favour in the darkey's eyes, and at the approach of winter, he was summarily kicked out. Poor Birdofredum thought he had been shamefully treated, but he had his revenge in pointing out to Pomp, instead of the North Star, that would guide the slave to Canada, "a midlin shinin' one about sou'-west."

The second series of the Biglow Papers must be pronounced, comparatively, a failure. Certainly there is as much true poetry, vivacity, and wit in them, but there is less of that bright spontaneity and absolute freedom, which characterized the first series. In other words, it is effort rather than play.

It had long been acknowledged that Lowell was the author, and he felt himself hampered at every turn when he wrote them in his own magazine. There is always a peculiarly exhilarating pleasure in writing anonymous satire, provided, of course, that the object aimed at is deserving of ridicule. Lowell tells us that in one of the pauses of a concert, he overheard it demonstrated that he was utterly incompetent to write anything of the kind. But now he was well-known, and, labouring under a burden of self-consciousness, his satire is more conventional.

In the long preface to the second series, he enters into an extended examination of the Yankee dialect, which he had used, and tries to show that the greater number of its words can be found in the old English classics—that when we think Hosea Biglow is talking colloquialisms, or even slang, he is, in truth, speaking a language used by Spenser and Chaucer. It is a marvellous exhibition of wide and close reading, but it must be ac-

knowledged to be rather sophistical than satisfactory.

Mr. Biglow and Mr. Sawin were now considerably past middle age, while the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, A.M., was very far advanced in years. Nevertheless, the latter acted as literary censor to Mr. Biglow. The first of this series is a letter from Birdofredum, who, after the Mexican War, settled down and became a regular "Southern" citizen. His experiences are grotesque in the extreme. After leaving the "nigger" who had turned him out as cold weather came on, he trudged on until he reached a white settlement. In the spirit of good fellowship, he dropped into a tavern, and "a feller that sot opposite," after a hasty glance, drew a revolver and charged him with the theft of a nigger! There was no time "to argerfy." He was the only stranger about, and there could be no mistake. The judge warmed the tar, and others borrowed a feather bed; and

> "To cut it short, I wun't say sweet, they
> gi' me a good dip,
> (They ain't *perfessin'* Bahptists here,) then
> give the bed a rip,—
> The jury 'd sot, an' quicker 'n a flash they
> hetched me out, a livin'
> Extemp'ry mammoth turkey-chick fer a
> Feejee Thanksgivin'."

Next, they rode him around on a "kerridge from the fence." But this was all preliminary. The Grand Jury tried him, found him guilty, and sentenced him "to ten years in the Jug." Years afterwards, his innocence was proved, and handsomely did they treat him. The colonel offered to shoot him at sight, and promised to give the black who caused all the trouble, a most tremendous lickin'. They all drank to his health, and chalked it down to him, and then proceeded to pass a number of most complimentary resolutions.

The somewhat severe remarks which Brother Jonathan makes to John Bull, in number two, are not entirely just, but the poet was indignant that the nation, which boasts of its freedom, should show an inclination to assume the success of the secession.

But Birdofredum pops up again as serenely as ever. He discovers that Miss S., whose maiden name was Higgs, was of one of the first families in the South, and on surveying all the circumstances, he concluded that when

> "Jeff hez gut his crown,
> An' comes to pick his nobles out, *wun't* this
> child be in toun!
> We'll hev an' age o' chivverlry surpassin'
> Mister Burke's,
> Where every fem'ly is fus'-best an' nary
> white man works."

He had found a "transplantable and thrifty family tree," which told him that the Sawins were of "Normal blood," as much as the Pickenses and Polks, descended indeed from such noble men that "'thout their crowns wuz on, ou' doors would n' never stir." To his mind it was quite natural that "the British aristoxy" should sympathize with "natur's noblemen." The utter contempt with which Lowell treated the pretentious Southern pedigrees, rankled as sorely as did his serious preaching against slave-holding.

President Davis' speech, about a year after his election by the Southern Confederacy, is carefully reported by Mr. Biglow. They had "a war, a debt, and a flag," but yet the nation seemed unable to stand on its legs.

Mr. Biglow's "Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line," well shows the fondness of the poet for nature, and his minute observation of everything about him. He does not forget the blood-roots with their baby-pearls, the liverworts in furry coats, the blackbirds, the crimson maples, the robin redbreast, with his adobe house, and the other signs present everywhere

on the approach of spring. But I think his favourite of them all is,

> "June's bridesman, poet o' the year,
> Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here;
> Half-hid in tip-top apple-blooms he swings,
> Or climbs against the breeze with quiverin' wings,
> Or, givin' way to 't in a mock despair,
> Runs down, a brook of laughter, thru the air."

All of the second series so far referred to were written before the end of 1862. But as the awful war went on, the poet could no longer pour out his humorous verse. Death had struck down those very near to him. Captain William Lowell Putnam, the son of Lowell's sister, was killed at Ball's Bluff, early in the war; Lieut. James Jackson Lowell and Gen. Charles Russell Lowell were sons of the poet's eldest brother. The former was killed at Seven Pines, the latter at Winchester. He was wounded while leading a cavalry charge, and though he knew his wound was mortal, he was helped upon his horse, and headed another brilliant charge, in which he was again hit, and died within an hour. Lowell's patriotism had been blown up to a white heat, his heart was bleeding, and his verses seem hardly natural in their Yankee garb.

> "Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
> I hear the drummers makin' riot,
> An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
> Thet follered once an' now are quiet,—
> White feet ez snowdrops innercent,
> Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,
> Whose comin' step ther' 's ears thet won't,
> No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'.

> "Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?
> Did n't I love to see 'em growin',
> Three likely lads ez wal could be,
> Hahnsome an' brave an' not tu knowin'!
> I set an' look into the blaze
> Whose natur', jes' like theirn, keeps climbin'
> Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
> An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

> "Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth
> On War's red techstone rang true metal,
> Who ventured life an' love an' youth
> For the gret prize o' death in battle?
> To him who, deadly hurt, agen
> Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
> Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
> That rived the Rebel line asunder?

> "'T ain't right to hev the young go fust,
> All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,
> Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust
> To try an' make b'lieve fill their places:
> Nothin' but tells us wut we miss,
> Ther' 's gaps our lives can't never fay in,
> An' *thet* world seems so fur from this
> Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in!

> "My eyes cloud up for rain; my mouth
> Will take to twitchin' roun' the corners,
> I pity mothers, tu, down South,
> For all they sot among the scorners;
> I'd sooner take my chance to stan'
> At Jedgment where your meanest slave is,
> Than at God's bar hol' up a han'
> Ez drippin' red ez yourn, Jeff Davis!"

Earnestly did he pray for peace, but only peace that follows victory and proclaims "a nation saved, a race delivered."

The closing paper was written in 1866, and is a transcript of one of Mr. Biglow's speeches. There seems to breathe through it a spirit of relaxation from the awful tension of the great struggle which aimed,

> "To settle, once for all, thet men wuz men."

A noble end was that to the strenuous efforts of one who must share with Lincoln and Grant the crowning glories of the war.

In all that Lowell wrote, we are delighted with the high moral principles. Throughout every delicate web woven by his subtle fancy, runs the silken thread of true nobility. He inscribed duty and truth upon his shield and manfully fought for all that was highest and best.

I have been in Boston only once, and then for less than twenty-four hours. But I had promised myself that on my first visit, I should go out to Cambridge, and see Elm-

wood, the birthplace, the long-time residence, and the place of death of Lowell. It is not hard to find. Elmwood, Craigie House, where Longfellow lived, and the famous Washington Elm, are but a short distance apart. As I looked on that old-fashioned wooden house, built by the last British Governor of Massachusetts, and afterwards owned by Vice-President Gerry, of crooked-constituency-cutting notoriety, I felt a sad pleasure, and glad was I to know that its last occupant was the greatest of them all.

"For underneath his gentle nature flamed
A noble scorn for all ignoble deed,
Himself a bondman till all men were free."

"The leaf that rustles here
Has more than autumn's mournfulness. The place
Is heavy with his absence. Like fixed eyes
Whence the dear light of sense and thought has fled
The vacant windows stare across the lawn,
The wise sweet spirit that informed it all
Is otherwhere."

Toronto University.

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## JOHN NELSON—THE YORKSHIRE MASON.

BY THE EDITOR.

BUST OF JOHN NELSON.
*In City Road Chapel, London.*

"I, John Nelson, was born in the parish of Birstal, in the West Riding in the County of York, in October, 1707, and brought up a mason, as was my father before me." Thus begins one of the most remarkable books in the language. In simple, homely Saxon words, the author tells the story of his life. We get in his pages a vivid picture of the England of a hundred years ago—of its spiritual destitution, and of the great Wesleyan revival that swept over it, and gave it a grand, moral impulse, which is felt to-day throughout the world.

John Nelson's life was one of holy zeal and grandest heroism. Like many a man through whom God has blessed the world, he was made to pass through intense religious experience, doubtless that he might the better counsel and comfort those who were in spiritual distress. We shall tell the story, as much as possible, in his own words. While yet a boy, he was "horribly terrified with the thoughts of death and judgment." As the awful imagery of the Apocalypse was presented to his mind, the word came with such power that he "fell with his face on the floor, and wept till the place was as wet, where he lay, as if water had been poured thereon." Still, he had no saving acquaintance with the truth till after his marriage and settlement in life. But all the while, his heart cried out for the living God. The hand of God was heavy upon him, and often forty times a day he prayed for pardon. His fellow-workmen persecuted

him because he would not drink with them, till he fought with several of them; then they let him alone. He wandered from one part of the kingdom to another, seeking rest and finding none.

In his thirtieth year he writes, "O that I had been a horse or a sheep! Rather than live thirty years more as I have, I would choose strangling. O that I had never been born!" An awful sense of the reality of the unseen world and of the impending terrors of the judgment day weighed like an intolerable load upon him. He went from church to church,—to St. Paul's, to the Dissenters, the Quakers, the Roman Catholics, to "all but the Jews,"—to try to save his soul; but still the burden of conscious guilt was unremoved. He realized, in all its bitterness, that "by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified."

A score of times he stood amid the surging, grimy throng that gathered around Whitefield, as he preached on Moorfields; but though he loved the man, and was ready to fight for him, he found no peace from hearing him. "The pains of hell gat hold upon him." Sleep departed from his eyes, and when he fell into slumber he dreamed that he was engaged in mortal combat with Satan, and awoke convulsed with horror and affright.

At last John Wesley preached at Moorfields. When he spoke he made the heart of Nelson beat like the pendulum of a clock. Conviction deepened. He felt that his great business in this world was to get well out of it. His friends would have knocked Mr. Wesley's brains out, for he would be the ruin, they said, of many families if he were allowed to live and go on as he did. For weeks Nelson wrestled with God in agony of soul. At last he vowed that he would neither eat nor drink till he found forgiveness. He prayed till he could pray no more. He got up and walked to and fro, and prayed again, the tears falling from his eyes like great drops of rain. A third time he fell upon his knees, but "was dumb as a beast before God." At length, in an agony, he cried out, "Lord, Thy will be done; damn or save." That moment was Jesus Christ evidently set before him as crucified for his sins. His heart at once was set at liberty, and he began to sing, "O Lord, I will praise Thee; though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortest me." Through such spiritual travail was this valiant soul born into the kingdom of God.

That night he was driven from his lodgings on account of his much praying and ado about religion; but, as he was leaving, conviction seized upon his hosts, and they were both, man and wife, soon made partakers of the same grace.

Nelson was ordered to oversee some work on the following Sunday. He declined, and was threatened with dismissal from his employment. "I would rather," he replied, "see my wife and children beg their way barefoot to heaven than ride in a coach to hell. I will run the risk of wanting bread here rather than the hazard of wanting water hereafter." His master swore that he was as mad as Whitefield; that Wesley had made a fool of him. But, instead of being dismissed, he was raised higher than ever in his master's regard, nor were any men set to work on the Sunday.

He longed to find some one to talk with about religion; but, he pathetically says, he sought in vain, for he could find none. Nevertheless, he was taught of God, and had sweet fellowship with Him in almost constant prayer and in the study of His Holy Word.

Such a desire for the salvation of

souls now possessed him that he hired one of his fellow workmen to hear Mr. Wesley preach, which led to his conversion and that of his wife.

God's hand was now laid heavily upon him. An accumulation of calamities, almost like the afflictions of Job, overtook him. A single letter informed him that his almost idolized daughter was dead, that his son's life was despaired of, that his wife had fallen from a horse and was lamed, that his father-in-law was dead, and his mother sick. But, like Job, he exclaimed, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

He set out on his eventful journey to Yorkshire, but "he had no more thought of preaching than of eating fire." His friends were astonished at the story of his conversion. They said they had never heard of such a thing in their lives. His mother said his head was turned. "Yes," he replied, "and, I thank God, my heart also." His neighbours upbraided and mocked him. His wife refused to live with him; but by his faith and love he brought her to a knowledge of the Saviour. He forthwith began exhorting his neighbours to flee from the wrath to come. Like Andrew, he first brought his own brother to Jesus, and in a few days, six of his neighbours also. There was a spiritual famine in the land, and he had found the Bread of Life. He could not, therefore, but cry aloud to those who were perishing of soul-hunger. Soon his aged mother, another brother, and most of his kindred were brought to God; and, for several weeks, six or seven persons every week were converted through his exhortations.

He was urged to preach, but he exclaimed, "O Lord, Thou knowest I had rather be hanged on that tree than go out to preach;" and, Jonah-like, he fled from the call of God. A great congregation was gathered in the fields, and begged him to preach. He fell flat on his face, and lay an hour on the grass tasting, he believed, the cup of the lost. "Let me die, let me die!" he exclaimed in bitterness of soul, in his shrinking from the burden of this cross. But in his anguish the Sun of Righteousness shone upon him, and he exclaimed, "Lord, I am ready to go to hell and preach to the devils, if Thou require it." That night two men were converted under his burning words, which he took as a seal of his call of God to preach the Gospel. But in his mental strait he would have given ten pounds, he said, for an hour's conversation with Mr. Wesley.

Some of his more cautious friends now urged him to wait a month till he knew more of his own heart; but the Word of God was a fire in his bones, and he exclaimed, "Nay, unless you will persuade the devil to be still for a month from going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." Oftentimes when he preached at night, after his day's work, the people, hungering for the Bread of Life, refused to go away, waiting like beggars that wanted a morsel of food.

Soon he began his ranging through the kingdom, proclaiming the Word of Life. As he entered Leeds, he was warned,—"If you preach there you need not expect to come out alive, for a company of men have sworn that they will kill you." "All the men in the town cannot kill me," answered the dauntless soul, "till I have done my Heavenly Father's work." At Manchester, some one threw a stone which cut him in the head, but as his audience saw the blood run down his face, they kept quiet till he was done preaching. With a boldness not less than Luther's on his way to the Diet of Worms,

the sturdy Englishman, in spite of the threat that he would be mobbed and killed if he entered Grimsby, exclaimed, "By the grace of God, I will preach if there were as many devils in it as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses."

Nelson's most bitter opposition came from dissolute clergymen of the Established Church. In Derbyshire, a drunken parson, with a lot of lead-miners, began to halloo and shout as if they were hunting with a pack of hounds; but the power of the truth so affected the rude miners that they became the champions of the man they came to persecute. Thus God put a bridle in the mouths of howling mobs, who came not merely to mock but to kill, and many of them remained to pray.

Nelson was summoned by Mr. Wesley to London. But he had worn out his clothes in the cause of God, and had none fit to travel in, till some tradesmen, unsolicited, sent him cloth for a suit. Unable to hire a horse, he set out on foot for London, preaching as he went. The aristocratic gownsmen and embryo parsons of Oxford vied in ruffianism, with the rude miners of Derbyshire. "I never heard a soldier or sailor," says Nelson, "swear worse than they did."

On his way to Cornwall with a fellow-evangelist, they had but one horse between them, so they rode by turns. Like the Apostle Paul, Nelson laboured with his hands at his trade, that he might not be burdensome to those to whom he preached. Nevertheless, he was sometimes in want of bread, and, like his Master, had not where to lay his head. At St. Ives, he and Mr. Wesley, for some time, slept every night on the floor—the learned Oxford Fellow and the Yorkshire mason side by side. "Mr. Wesley," writes Nelson, "had my great-coat for a pillow, and I had Burkett's Notes on the New Testament for mine. After being here three weeks, one morning, about three o'clock, Mr. Wesley turned over, saying, 'Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer. I have one whole side yet, for the skin is off but one side.' We usually preached on the commons," he adds, "and it was but seldom any asked us to eat or drink."

BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN NELSON.

One day, after preaching, Mr. Wesley stopped his horse to pick the wayside berries, saying, "Brother Nelson, we ought to be thankful that there are plenty of blackberries; for this is the best country I ever saw for getting a stomach, but the worst I ever saw for getting food."

On Nelson's return to Yorkshire he found his wife ill, through maltreatment by a mob, while she was bravely defending a preacher whom they were assaulting. "You are Nelson's wife, and here you

shall die," swore the savages, and did their best to fulfil their threat.

"In Leeds," Nelson remarks, "the mob did not meddle with me, only some boys threw about a peck of turnips at me." A sergeant, who came to assault him, publicly begged his pardon, and went away weeping.

At Grimsby, the Church parson rallied a drunken mob, and smashed the windows and furniture of the house where he lodged with paving stones. A ringleader, after beating his drum three-quarters of an hour, began to listen, and then to weep, and at last to pray. "So we had great peace in our shattered house that night," says Nelson, "and God's presence amongst us."

At length the drink-loving parsons and the ale-house keepers—worthy allies!—resolved that Nelson must be impressed into the army, as the only way to stop his interference with their pleasures or profits. Still he durst not keep silent, but continued hewing stone all day and preaching every night. "I am not my own but the Lord's," he said; "he that lays hands on me will burn his own fingers." By a monstrous perversion of justice, he was arrested as a vagrant; £500 bail was refused; and the Commissioners of the Peace, among whom was the parson, pressed him as a soldier, under the penalty of death if he refused. Still his soul was kept in perfect peace, and he prayed to God to forgive them, for they knew not what they did.

With other prisoners condemned for vagrancy and theft, Nelson was marched off to York, he being singled out for especial severity. At Bradford, he was lodged in a noisome dungeon, reeking with filth, without even a stone to sit on, and with only a little foul straw for a bed—a type of too many of England's prisons a hundred years ago. But his soul was so filled with the love of God that the felon's cell was to him a paradise; he realized that

> Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage.

Some friends brought him meat and drink, which they put through the small opening in the door, and

> Like Paul and Silas in the prison,
> They sang the praise of Christ arisen.

"I wished that my enemies," wrote Nelson, "were as happy in their houses as I was in the dungeon."

At four o'clock in the morning his noble wife visited his cell and said, although she then most required a husband's care, "Be not concerned about me and the children: He that feeds the young ravens will be mindful of us;" and the brave-souled husband answered, "I cannot fear either man or devil, so long as I find the love of God as I do now."

"Now, Nelson, where is thy God?" jeered a woman, as the prisoners stood, like a gang of slaves, for hours in the streets of Leeds. He referred her to Micah vii. 8, 10, "Rejoice not over me, O mine enemy; when I fall I shall arise again."

Large bail was offered for his release, but was refused. "I am too notorious a criminal," he somewhat bitterly remarks, "to be allowed such favours; for Christianity is a crime which the world will never forgive." And this persecution took place in Christian England little more than a hundred years ago.

But he was not without consolation. "The time has not yet come," he says, "for me to be hated of all men for Christ's sake." At night a hundred of his friends visited him in the gaol. They sang a hymn and prayed together, and he exhorted them through the opening in his cell door.

When he was brought before the

military officers, he boldly reproved them for the sin of swearing. "You must not preach here," he was told; but he answered, "There is but one way to prevent it, that is, to swear no more in my hearing." All York came forth to see him guarded through the streets, "as if he had been one that had laid waste the nation;" but he passed through the city as if there had been none in it but God and himself. He refused to take the King's money. "I cannot bow my knee to pray for a man and then get up and kill him," he said. Nevertheless, he was girded with the weapons of war; but he bore them as a cross, and would not defile his conscience by using them. But if he was bound, the Word of God was not bound; for "if any blasphemed, he reproved them, whether rich or poor."

He was forbidden to preach, under the penalty of being severely flogged; but, Peter-like, he replied, "Is it better to obey God than man?" "I will have no preaching nor praying in the regiment," swore the officer. "Then," said Nelson, "you should have no swearing nor cursing either." He was, however, carried off to prison; yet God gave him to rest as well on the bare boards, he declares, as if he had been on a bed of down. "For what were you imprisoned?" demanded the major. "For warning people to flee from the wrath to come," said the intrepid preacher; "and I shall do so again, unless you cut my tongue out."

The London Methodists, having hired a substitute to serve in his place, through the influence of the Wesleys and the Countess of Huntingdon, with the Earl of Stair, the discharge of this resolute non-combatant was procured. When he left the regiment, several of his fellow-soldiers wept and desired him to pray for them.

He was now free to indulge his hallowed passion, to preach the Gospel without hindrance. For the most part the people heard him gladly; yet, in many places, lewd fellows of the baser sort assailed him with sticks and stones and filth. Once a halter was put round his neck to drag him to the river to drown him. At Ackham, in Yorkshire, he was knocked down eight times in succession by a drunken mob, led by some "young gentlemen;" he was dragged over the stones by the hair of the head, kicked, beaten, and trampled on, "to tread the Holy Spirit out of him," as the murderous wretches blasphemously declared. "We cannot kill him," they said; "if a cat has nine lives, he has nine score." They swore they would serve Mr. Wesley the same way. "Then we shall be rid of the Methodists forever," they said, in vain, deluded prophecy; "for none will dare to come if they two be killed."

The next morning this Ajax of Methodism set out to meet Mr. Wesley, and "was enabled to ride forty miles that day." But these things were light afflictions; for the Gospel had free course, and multitudes were converted to God.

Here ends the remarkable journal of John Nelson. For five-and-twenty years longer he continued to range through the kingdom as one of Mr. Wesley's regular helpers—a burning and a shining light to all—a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. He finished his course with joy, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, 1774.

We shall obtrude no comments of our own upon the lessons of this noble life. No braver soul ever went to the martyr's stake, or won the martyr's starry and unwithering crown. He, and such as he, by their consecrated toils, their sufferings, and their undying zeal, laid the foundations of that goodly structure of Methodism that now rises fair throughout the land they

loved so well, and throughout the world. Their memory is the imperishable heritage of the Church universal. It shall be to all time, and in all lands, a glorious example of valiant living and holy dying, a rebuke to indolence or self-seeking, and an inspiration to zeal and energy in promoting the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

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## CATHARINE OF SIENA.*

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., D.D.,

*Professor in Victoria University.*

### II.

Catharine of Siena had a rare power of winning the confidence of men and women, and of leading them to penitence and faith. She had prayed, and not in vain, for the ability, under all circumstances, to see spiritually the beauty of every human soul, and to discern the truth under all guises. A long list of men and women is given, of all social ranks, who were her spiritual children, some rescued from vicious and desperate lives, some saved from religious formalism, all quickened by the power of that loving evangel of divine grace which Catharine poured into their ears.

She had rare discernment of spirits, and when certain men came ostensibly to seek her spiritual advice, but really to tempt her, she instantly repelled them, and bade them give up their vices before they began to talk about God.

Remarkable instances of cures effected in answer to her prayers are recorded, however they are to be accounted for. In 1374, that awful visitant, the plague, appeared in Siena. Multitudes perished at a stroke, business was at an end, the cry of the grave-diggers rang through the doomed city, "Bring out your dead!" In the midst of all these horrors, Catharine and her sisters of the mantle were the good angels of the stricken populace, entering the most dangerous quarters of the city, ministering to the sick, encouraging the living, composing the dead for burial.

After the plague, exhausted by her labours, she responded to an invitation to visit Pisa. She went partly to secure a rest to her wearied powers, and partly with the hope of kindling enthusiasm for a fresh crusade. But the times were not ripe for crusades, and all Catharine's efforts in this direction were futile. Her health grew worse rather than better, and a period of intense suffering followed. She fainted frequently. Once she continued insensible throughout the entire day. To this period of intense physical anguish, and of equally intense spiritual exaltation, of profound and continued contemplation of the sufferings of Jesus Christ, is to be referred the mysterious experience of the "stigmatization" of Catharine—the duplication in her body of the marks (stigmata) of the nails and the spear in the body of Jesus. How far, both in her case, and in the similar case of Francis of Assisi, the power of imagination and expectation may have produced physical effects it is not easy to decide, nor is it important to decide. We reverence

* "Catharine of Siena: A Biography." By Josephine E. Butler. London: Horace Marshall & Son. Toronto: William Briggs.

the character of Catharine, not her stigmata.

We now reach a phase of Catharine's activity which is of intense interest to us as Protestants and lovers of liberty, her noble and fearless vindication of the rights of the republics of North Italy against the Pope. The government of the papal legates had grown intolerable. City after city revolted. Cardinals and priests were driven out. The Pope let loose the dogs of war, and hurled the even more formidable thunderbolts of excommunication and interdict against the republic of Florence. The magistrates of Florence corresponded with Catharine. She was in great anguish for the peace of Christendom, and the reform of the Church. From agonies of prayer she rose to write a series of the most extraordinary letters to Pope Gregory XI. She described to him how Italy was misgoverned in his name by unscrupulous legates, how the people had suffered, how they had come to hate the Church and its priests, and she eloquently urged him to return to Italy, and do his duty to that land and to the Church:

"You now place your confidence in your soldiers, those devourers of human flesh; and your good desires for the reform of the Church are hindered. Place your hope rather in Christ crucified, and in the good government of the Church by virtuous pastors. Let it please your Holiness to seek out true and humble servants of God as pastors in the Church, men who desire nothing but the glory of God and the salvation of souls. . . . . It seems that God permits the Church to be robbed of her power and wealth in order to teach her that He wills her to return to her primitive state of poverty and humility, and of regard for spiritual, rather than temporal things; for ever since she has sought temporal possessions, things have gone from bad to worse."

She who thus wrote was surely not only a contemporary of John Wycliffe, but, like him, a Reformer before the Reformation."

From this time on the burden on her heart, the supreme effort of her life, was the reform of the Church. It is true that she never protested against false doctrine, that her creed was that of the Church of the Dark Ages. But while she never repudiated false doctrine, her writings and her life are so permeated with the sweet influence of the essential Gospel, that the superstitions of the time do not count for much in them. The dominating thoughts in her were the worth and beauty of human souls, the grace and love of the incarnate Son of God, the power of this truth received and lived to transform the sinner into the image of Jesus Christ. Who can doubt that in the days of Luther, she would have sided with that champion of free grace, and have been a founder of Protestantism? But the time for that had not yet come. The first effort of all the Reformers, earlier and later alike, was to correct the most flagrant abuses. The necessity of correcting those teachings which lay at the root of practical abuses was only gradually perceived.

With marvellous insight and foresight, Catharine looked into the evils of her time, and anticipated the course of events. At the beginning of the revolt of the States of the Church, she said to her father-confessor, Raymond: "Do not weep before the time; there will be far greater cause for tears by-and-bye. What you now see is but milk and honey to what will follow. . . . You now see the laity in rebellion, but in a little while you will see the clergy much more culpable than they. As soon

as the Pope shall manifest an intention of reforming the morals of the clergy, they will revolt, and present the spectacle of a grievous scandal to the whole world. There will be a great schism; Christendom will be divided, and the robe without seam will be rent in twain. Arm yourselves, therefore, with patience."

After the great schism, which she thus foretold, was an accomplished fact, Catharine said further: "After many tribulations and trials, God will purify the Church by means unknown to man. He will awaken many souls out of sleep; and the reform of the Church and of her ministers will be so beautiful that the prospect of it fills my soul with joy." Yet more prophetic of Luther and the Reformation is a prayer which she wrote in Rome soon after the Schism: "Eternal Father, thou didst send the apostles as lights into the world. We are in greater need than ever before of such light. Raise up among us, we beseech thee, another Paul, to rebuke and revive us, and bring us light."

For the intensely interesting details of Catharine's years of intercourse with the Popes, and of persistent effort for the reform of the Church, the reader must turn to Mrs. Butler's fascinating pages. On behalf of revolted and yet distressed Florence, Catharine undertook the then arduous journey to the south of France, and appeared before the Pontiff in his sumptuous palace at Avignon. The poor dyer's daughter felt no fear and manifested no embarrassment amid the regal magnificence of the papal court, or in the august presence of the Vicar of Christ. She stood as an ambassador of God, modestly, and yet with unflinching firmness, delivered her messages as from God, and in spite of the long continued and most powerful opposition of the cardinals and the ladies of the court, she persisted for two long years in her efforts to induce Gregory XI. to return to Italy, to give good government to that unhappy land, and to reform the Church, and at last she succeeded in some measure in her noble endeavours.

Early in the year 1377, the Pope was once more in Rome, after an absence of seventy years. Amid the joy and pomp of the triumphal entrance, and the popular welcome, Catharine, to whom the credit of the return was due, was conspicuous by her absence. Her years at the papal court had left her simple and modest as ever, and she had hastened not to Rome, but to the quietness of her humble room in Siena. Her solicitude for the Pope was unabated. She urged him to set about the reform of the Church. She warned him of evil advisers. She went so far as to write: "God demands that justice shall be executed on those who destroy and devour the holy Church. Since He hath given you authority over the Church, and you have accepted that authority, you are bound to make use of your power; and if you make not use of it, it would be better—more for the honour of God and the health of your own soul—that you should abdicate the authority which you have accepted."

Gregory meant well, but was hesitating and weak, and at last died, in March, 1378, without having accomplished much in the way of reform. His successor, Urban VI., made immediate and relentless war upon the dissolute cardinals and prelates. But he lacked both humility and tact. It was inevitable that a reforming Pope, and he an Italian, should estrange the French cardinals. In September of the same year, they declared the election of Urban illegal, and elected a Pope of their own choice, Clement VII. Now the scandal-

ous Schism was complete. All Christendom was divided in its allegiance. Germany, Bohemia, Hungary, England, as well as Italy, sided with Urban; France, Spain, and Savoy, with Clement. Urban excommunicated Clement and his cardinals; Clement returned the compliment.

Catharine had from the first been a faithful adherent and monitor of Urban, urging him to reform the Church, but to do it with greater patience, humility, and love. After the Schism, Urban summoned her to Rome, desiring "her presence and support in the midst of the troubles which surrounded him." Out from her beloved, quiet retreat she was thus drawn once more into the vortex of the world's passions, perplexities, and disappointments. She was now thirty-one years of age, feeble and broken in health. But the sense of duty was all-powerful within her. She followed in her own conduct the principle which a little later she laid down for the guidance of others:

"We see the Church at this day in such necessity, that, to succour her, it is necessary to quit our solitudes and give ourselves up to her service. For if we wish sincerely to do any good, we must not pause and say, 'I shall not find peace in doing this or that.' God has given us a good pastor (Pope Urban), who loves the servants of God, and gathers them around him. He is applying himself to combat vice and encourage virtue. He is not influenced by the fear of human judgment, and is acting as a just and courageous man. We ought to hasten to his aid, and thus prove that we have really at heart the reformation of the Church."

The influence as well as the counsel of Catharine was of essential service to Urban. Her efforts did much to secure the fidelity of many of the great republican cities. She succeeded in persuading many of the most godly recluses throughout Italy to follow her example, and, abandoning their calm retreats, to repair to the assistance of the Pope in Rome. Amid revolutions and distresses in the Capitol, she continued instant in prayer. Her presence Urban deemed essential. No measures of importance were taken without her advice. Prominent citizens, officers of the army, the poor, the sick, all sought her counsel and assistance. She went about ministering to all needs. Her influence was unbounded. Her sufferings had emaciated her feeble frame.

"Day by day, that pale, slight, ghost-like figure was seen passing through the streets to the Capitol, to the Vatican, to St. Peter's, and to the humbler people's quarters in Trastenene, intent on the Master's work, and unwearying in ministrations. She ruled in Rome. She ruled by the force of her prayers, and the power of Christian love. Those who passed her in the streets of the city paused and crossed themselves. Love and awe and pity filled the heart of the beholder at the sight of her ever-ready smile of greeting, bright and cheerful and sweet as ever, while her wasted frame seemed only to be held together and borne up as by a miracle."

But the end of this strange career was now at hand. She wrote parting counsels to the Pontiff, in which one knows not whether to admire most the sense of righteousness, the religious earnestness, or the native shrewdness of her advice. She wrote farewell letters to some of her spiritual children, full of maternal tenderness and solicitude. To one she said: "Devote yourself wholly to God. . . Do not reckon too much on spiritual consolations. Hope and pray continually for these dead and dying, that the hand of Eternal

Justice may be held back by our continual prayer." To another: "You say that you are dissatisfied with your state of mind. When you are thoroughly so, I perceive that you will leave it for a better state. . . God loves few words and many good deeds."

Her physical sufferings were great. But amid them all she prayed aloud for those who surrounded her and gave them loving advice. Some one placed by her bedside a table with relics of saints upon it. But her gaze was directed away from this to the crucifix. From time to time she rallied. Her vitality was such that, although wasted to a skeleton, she seemed unable to die. At last came one of those terrible conflicts which have so often been the lot of the dying Christian, when the poor diseased imagination fills all the darkness with Satanic suggestions of despair. Those who stood by her looked on aghast, unable to render aid, for she heard not a word which they spoke. Terror and anguish convulsed her countenance. But at length she cried, as if in answer to a foul accuser: "No, never! never for vainglory, but for the honour and glory of God." She repeated the words, "Peccavi, Domine, miserere mei (I have sinned, O Lord; have mercy on me)" many times. After a time, she emerged from the shadow of the awful conflict with face seraphic and eyes beaming with joy. With her latest breath she cried: "Yes, Lord, thou callest me, and I go to Thee: I go—not on account of my merits, but solely on account of Thy mercies, and that mercy I implore in the name, O Jesus, of Thy precious blood. . . . O precious Saviour! O precious blood! . . . Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

So died Catharine of Siena, on the 29th of April, 1380, at the age of thirty-three. The estimate in which she was held was indicated by the immense multitudes who thronged the church where for three days her body lay. On the third day a celebrated divine ascended the pulpit to preach a funeral sermon; but the grief of the people was too great and demonstrative to allow him to proceed. It was with difficulty that he made these words audible: "This holy one has no need of our preaching and eulogy; she herself speaks, and her life is her eulogy." Rome possessed the body; Siena desired it; the Pope therefore had the head severed from the body, and conveyed as a sacred treasure to her native city. In 1461 Catharine was canonized.

The whole Church of Jesus Christ unites in recognizing with gratitude such devotion and piety as that of Catharine of Siena. Her faults were mainly those induced by the superstitions of her age and Church. Her virtues were the product of that Christianity which is common to all the Churches. It is wholesome and it is equitable, however, that we Protestants should remember that those virtues were developed in connection with the Roman Catholic system. One inspiring lesson of her noble life is that of the illimitable power of an absolutely consecrated individuality. No organization can dispense with the genius of great personalities. All organizations, apart from the potent influence of their founders, mighty spirits in direct touch with the great realities of life and death, of humanity and divinity, tend to become devoted to forms and formulae, conventions and traditions, and to lose their vital energy. Only the Spirit of God, employing as its agents ingenuous and noble individuals, can break up this dull and selfish stagnation, and set free the Church's real power to bless the world.

Catharine of Siena was in the succession of the true prophets and apostles, speaking out from God, so fearlessly and faithfully, although ever lovingly, that mobs and princes and Popes quailed before her. She was no "new woman," but a tender, gracious, winning, womanly woman, endued with power from on high—power of patience, power of endurance, power of humility, power of love, power of matchless courage—power that came forth from her personal communion with a personal Father in heaven, through trust in a personal Saviour. The ecstasies and the visions were immaterial. The mighty secret of her life lay in her real, profound, and all-controlling sense of God's love, and in her love to God and man.

Her religion was far from being merely emotional. Her raptures led to actions. Her sense of duty was keen. She did not seek the joys of a profound Christian experience as a selfish end. She sought above all things to do God's will. She once wrote: "We ought not—if we do indeed love our neighbour, and care for men's souls—to think too much of our own spiritual consolations. We should give ear to the complaints and wishes of our neighbour, and especially be compassionate towards those who are bound with us in the same bonds of charity." May some reader of this paper be helped by the contemplation of the career of this great and good woman, to think less of his own religious emotions and more of his duty to his God and his fellow man. That way lies the possibility of heroic and blessed life.

"For we must give, if we would keep
The good thing from above;
Ceasing to share, we cease to have—
Such is the law of love."

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## THE PEACE OF CHRIST.

"My peace I give unto you."

SWEET gift of Christ! O blessed thought!
The peace of mind that God hath wrought,
No earthly passion half so sweet,
No joy on earth is so complete,
As that the loving Father gives
To those in whom the Spirit lives—
The peace of Christ.

Oh, weary one upon life's sea,
That hath no Christ to comfort thee,
Remember when the billows roll,
Surge on surge about thy soul,
That there's a harbour safe and sure
Wherein thy heart may rest secure—
The peace of Christ.

Oh, loving heart that trembles yet,
Half fearful that it may forget;
Afraid that it may miss the way,
Doubting, wav'ring all the day—
Remember that it is to thee
This gift of gifts is offered free—
The peace of Christ.

Oh, Christian with the brow severe,
With eyes that seldom drop a tear,
With lips that smiling have forgot;
Remember that it is thy lot
To have within a joy divine,
Open thy heart and make it thine—
The peace of Christ.

Love of God! How its dimension
Reaches above our comprehension;
And who of us can understand
The workings of His mighty hand?
But rest, my soul, and quiet be,
Thou knowest this, He giveth thee
The peace of Christ.

So then, my soul, upon his breast
Thy troubles cast, and be at rest,
Though sorrow wrings the heart, and pain
Saps life and strength with steady drain,
O'er all these griefs and cares of thine
God pours the healing balm divine—
The peace of Christ.

# AN INSPIRING CHAPTER IN METHODIST HISTORY.

BY JAMES MUDGE, D.D.

Great as are the wonders connected with the rise and growth of Wesleyan Methodism in the eighteenth century, they are more than paralleled by the facts brought out in a study of the beginnings of Primitive Methodism in the nineteenth century, which was an equally marvellous revival of true religion. The latter movement, while not headed by men of such ability and distinction as led the former, had nevertheless leaders who were in a very marked degree men of God, and it showed even a more rapid progress.

Messrs. Bourne and Clowes have been mentioned as its founders and leaders. They were, indeed, a remarkable couple, neither of whom could well have been spared. Hugh Bourne, the chief impelling spirit of the movement, came into the world April 3, 1772, and left it October 11, 1852. He was a poor man, a carpenter, with very few natural advantages of any kind, and was not converted till he was twenty-seven. But the sequel showed that he had within him a mind of no ordinary strength, as well as a heart that burned with zeal for the Master. Being led of the Lord, as he firmly believed, to inaugurate in England what had proved so useful in America, open-air, all-day religious services, or camp-meetings, he was not one to draw back at opposition; and, although the establishment of a new denomination was at first the farthest possible from his thoughts, as he took step after step under providential guidance, he came at last to see that there was no other way.

He was compelled after a little to give up his business, that he might devote his whole time to evangelistic labours and the general superintendency of the rising cause. No toil was too heavy, no service too menial, no journey too long, no expense too great for him, if only the Master's work could be promoted. His journeys were almost always on foot. It is probable that no man ever walked so many miles in the prosecution of Christian enterprise. He kept this up to the last of his long life, chiefly, it would seem, because he was unwilling to spend money on his own comfort or convenience that might be, as he thought, more advantageously expended on other objects. He was hard at it, early and late, now rectifying abuses, now reclaiming backsliders, now organizing schools or building chapels, now visiting families, now preaching with all his might. He struck out a set of rules for the government of the societies, he established a tract society, he prepared a hymn-book, he was connexional editor up to the time of his superannuation, in 1842. His was the master mind appealed to on almost all occasions, his was the guiding hand that rarely failed to find the right channel for the ecclesiastical ship. He had great legislative talents. Without his sagacity, energy, and determination it is scarcely possible that the connexion could have conquered its early difficulties. He chiefly constructed its policy, shaped its laws, and enforced the stringent measures that were necessary for the general good. For strong faith and prayerfulness, self-denial, and generosity, energy and zeal, he has rarely been surpassed.

William Clowes was born March

12, 1780, and died March 2, 1851, just sixty years after the departure of Wesley. After a wild and reckless youth, he was powerfully converted in his twenty-fifth year. He speedily became a tremendous exhorter, heartily united with Bourne in holding camp-meetings, and soon developed into the chief preacher of the movement. His exertions were enormous. He was emphatically a shouter, and would labour till his strength failed night after night, after working hard all day from six to six at his temporal calling, which was pottery.

When arrangements were made for him to give his whole time to evangelistic effort, extensive revivals followed his work and there were large ingatherings. At the first Conference of the Primitive Methodists, in 1820, the membership was 7,842; at the second it had become 16,394; in 1822 the number was 25,218; in 1823 the membership was 29,472, and at the fifth Conference, in 1824, it was 33,507. This was most amazing growth, a development from about 4,000 in 1819 to over 33,000 in 1824. It was too rapid to be healthy, and the rate could not be continued. But it shows that there had been sweeping revivals, and among those who promoted them Mr. Clowes was foremost.

His career as a preacher was brief but brilliant. His labours were exhausting, his economy was rigid, and the strains to which he constantly subjected his physical energies, combined with the excesses of his youth, soon laid him aside in premature decay. He had to be located in 1827, at Hull, where he spent the last twenty-four years of his life. His preaching was original, his power in prayer extraordinary, his heavenly-mindedness most marked. All recognized him as a man of eminent holiness, who lived the Gospel as well as preached it. Bourne was the Wesley, Clowes the Whitefield of the new Methodism. Both were great and good; each supplemented the work of the other. One was the organizer, legislator, administrator; the other was the pioneer missionary, the breaker-up of fallow ground. One had the penetration, foresight, tact, and grasp of the commander-in-chief; the other the heroism, dash, and fire of the general of division or the cavalry commander. Both were actuated by a pure and ardent desire to extend the Redeemer's kingdom.

How were their labours, and those of their coadjutors, received by the British public of that day? In a way that would hardly be credited did not authentic records bear unimpeachable testimony to the facts. They worked mainly among the ignorant, vicious, degraded masses, whose savage brutality found in their unresisting meekness plentiful opportunity to disport itself. The clergymen and magistrates, being as a rule much more scandalized by irregular ways of doing good than by any amount of wickedness, generally took the part of the mobs against the preachers. Indeed, they often set the rabble on, instead of restraining them, giving orders for the bells to be rung, the drums to be beaten, and the fire engines to be played, that the evangelists might be driven out of town and the cause of the devil properly maintained. Dangerous bulls were let loose to break up the congregations. Stones, clods, filth, and rotten eggs were used with the utmost freedom, and sometimes with fatal consequences. Poor men who opened their cottages for religious services often had their windows and doors torn out, and an appeal to the magistrates not only brought them no redress, but subjected them to greater injuries

from those who were encouraged by the attitude of the officials.

The preachers were very frequently knocked down, kicked, beaten, and trampled under foot by ruffianly rioters, escaping with their lives as by a miracle. They endured pouring rain and pelting hail, the extremities of winter's cold and summer's heat, sleeping under the open sky when people were afraid to give them shelter, and going for days with scarcely any food, because no one would sell to them. They saw the inside of a great many prisons, but their enemies made nothing by it; for they took joyfully both the spoiling of their goods and the casting out of their names as evil, knowing that they had in heaven a more enduring substance; and, like the apostles, they were glad that they were "counted worthy to suffer dishonour for the Name."

Jeremiah Gilbert wrote, "Within the last fifteen months I have been taken before magistrates for preaching the Gospel six or seven times." Mr. Bunn was committed to Bury gaol for ten days on an unfounded charge of obstructing the highway. Even the prisoners were indignant at this shameful defiance of law and justice, one of them remarking to Mr. Bunn, "Sir, they sent you here for trying to do good, and me for doing harm." When George Stansfield was sent to Dover gaol for seven days for preaching in the streets, the prisoners thought, from his dignified appearance and gentlemanly bearing, that he was come to inspect the prison, and were astonished beyond measure to learn that he was to be confined as a criminal for praying and singing.

Mr. Isaac Hedges received twenty-one days' imprisonment with hard labour, being charged with blocking up a public footpath, though he had simply preached to five persons in front of a wheelwright's shop, seventeen feet from the middle of the road. Mr. Thomas Russell, in 1830, for selling a few magazines and hymn books without a hawker's license, was sentenced to three months' hard labour in Abingdon House of Correction. Arriving there, he was stripped before the doctor like a vile criminal, dressed in prison clothes, and placed among the felons. In a short time his health was so greatly impaired that he could not relish the food provided, and his hands bled from the cruel irons. But the unfeeling medical attendant only said, "Here he came to be punished, and here he must be punished." His case was brought befor the Religious Protection Society of London, and in a month he was released. When the agent of the society asked him what he wished done about it, he replied, "All I wish is to go on preaching unmolested by the magistrate," which was secured to him.

Mr. James Bonser was gaoled a good many times. When liberty was offered him on condition that he would promise to preach no more in the streets, he replied that he would sooner die in prison than make such a promise. Unable to sleep for the cold, having only a few boards and a little straw to lie upon, he walked about and sang the praises of God, like Paul and Silas, declaring to those who tried to stop his noise that, though his body was confined, his tongue was at liberty. Summoned before the bailiffs at the Town Hall, and severely threatened, he defied them, maintaining that he had done no wrong; and, after much consultation together, having totally failed to intimidate him or extract any promises or fines from

him, they were obliged to set him at liberty, "finding nothing how they might punish" him.

Mr. Joseph Reynolds, after being trampled by a crowd, had his clothing torn and all his money taken from him. In consequence of which he says :

"I have been obliged to suffer much hunger. One day I travelled near thirty miles, and had only a penny cake to eat. I preached at night to near two thousand persons. But I was so weak when I had done that I could scarcely stand. I then made a supper of cold cabbage, and slept under a haystack in a field till about four o'clock in the morning. The singing of the birds then awoke me, and I arose and went into the town, and preached at five to many people. I afterward came to Cambridge, where I have been a fortnight, and preached to a great congregation, though almost worn out with fatigue and hunger. To-day I was glad to eat the pea husks as I walked on the road. But I bless God that much good has been done. I believe hundreds will have to bless Him in eternity for leading me hither."

These are but a few specimens of hundreds that might be given. Such was the heroic character of the earnest, unlettered men, whose deeds fill the earlier annals of the Primitive Methodist Connexion, and such were the things they were called to endure. They were plain, humble souls, with little education and no polish, but all the better adapted on this account to reach the classes that most needed them. These classes required the truth of the Gospel to be delivered in strong, blunt language, with homely illustrations, great earnestness of manner, and much depth of feeling. Smooth sentences and fine diction would have been thrown away. Rugged bodies and great powers of endurance, together with fervent souls, were more needed than highly cultivated minds. They were well endowed for the work they had to do. They did it well. The Acts of the Apostles find a wonderfully complete parallel in these Methodist chronicles. The ignorant were enlightened, the fallen were uplifted, the lost were saved.

The denomination was introduced into Scotland in 1826, into Canada in 1829, into Ireland and the Channel Islands in 1832, and in various later years into Australia, New Zealand, and Africa, where it has had good success. In England, where the early hardships were so severe, it has experienced large prosperity. Great changes have taken place. Instead of preaching chiefly in the open air or resorting to kitchens and cottages, barns, and factory lofts, there are now nearly forty-six hundred connexional chapels, besides twelve hundred and eighty other chapels and rooms. Many of these chapels or churches are spacious and elegant structures. The value of the Church property is more than three and a half million pounds.

Elmfield College was established near the city of York in 1863, and Bourne College, Birmingham, was opened in 1876. Both together provide for 240 pupils. There is a ladies' college at Clapham Common, London, and a theological institute at Manchester. The Book Establishment at London is flourishing, its profits being nearly £5,000 a year, mainly devoted to the superannuated ministers' fund. A Connexional Fire Insurance Company was formed in 1867, with a capital of £20,000. The interest on the investments is more than twice as much as the fire loss in ordinary years, and large grants are made to needy chapels. The Missionary Society celebrated its jubilee in 1893, and a thanks-

giving fund of between forty and fifty thousand pounds was then raised, one-fourth of it going to the missions.

The doctrines of the Primitive Methodists are precisely the same as those of the Wesleyan Church, and the polity is not widely different. There are twelve legal members of the Conference, instead of one hundred. The preachers are stationed by the District Meetings instead of by the Annual Conference, but there is an appeal to the latter body, which makes any needful alterations. Both the District Meetings and the Conferences are made up in the proportion of two laymen to one travelling preacher. The system of government thus contains a very unusually large admixture of the lay element, and is in most respects substantially Presbyterian.

It has been said that the most striking peculiarities of the connexion are: (1) The vast amount of unpaid labour performed by laymen; (2) The influence of the laity in church government; (3) The devoted and zealous attention paid to the lower classes. Another has mentioned lay agency, female preaching, and open-air work as the three usages to which the present strength and efficiency are due.

Mr. William Garner, in the space of twenty-one years, from 1823 to 1844, travelled on foot, with trifling exceptions, 44,936 miles, and preached 6,278 sermons. When it is remembered that these journeys were made without reference to the weather, to meet fixed appointments, some under a scorching sun, some through depths of winter snow, some in drenching rains, the amount of toil and endurance indicated will be the better realized. And many of the local preachers, we are assured, were scarcely inferior to the travelling ones in their devotion to the work.

We deem this a most inspiring history. The movement was certainly from on high; not a split or secession from any other body begun in ill-will or springing from disappointed ambition, but an earnest, heaven-born desire to promote by unusual methods the salvation of those masses who were not being reached by ordinary agencies. A similar movement in our own day has taken the form of the Salvation Army, and its spread has doubtless been one of the causes which have somewhat checked, in recent years, the growth of the Primitive Methodists. It may be that, as a separate denomination, they have about run their course and done their work. That course has been most honourable, that work has been most important. Whatever the future has in store for them, the record of their past will long be studied, when men would be thrilled by noble deeds and incited to the largest outlay of all their powers for God.—The Methodist Review.

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## "IN PATIENCE."

I will not faint, but trust in God
Who this my lot hath given;
Though sad my day that lasts so long,
At evening I shall have a song;
Though dim my day until the night,
At evening time there shall be light.
My life is but a working day
Whose tasks are set aright;
A while to work, a while to pray,
And then a quiet night,
And then, please God, a quiet night;
Where saints and angels walk in white,
One dreamless sleep from work and sorrow,
But re-awakening on the morrow."

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

# TRUE EMPHASIS IN RELIGION.

BY THE LATE S. S. NELLES, LL.D.

"But woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye tithe mint and rue, and all manner of herbs, and pass over judgment and the love of God: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." —Luke xi. 42.

Every true system of religion has a good many sides to it; it is thought, belief, feeling, practice, life, character, conduct and worship; sometimes, with more or less propriety, ritual and liturgy; and many relations and forms and developments of these things, more than can at present be described, or even anticipated in thought. For this reason there are many elements in it; some higher, some lower, some supreme, some subordinate, some lying near the centre, some stretching away around into the circumference; some essential, some incidental; some of the pith and core of the matter; some accessories—the fringes of the garment. It is not, therefore, always easy for the finite mind to apprehend truly a sound system of faith and worship, by reason of their relations, and the almost unlimited range of true religion. There is an emphasis about this. The rendering of a true system of worship is like the rendering of a sentence of prose or verse; if the emphatic word is missed the true signification of the passage is lost, and its meaning may be perverted. So religion might be and had been perverted, as was instanced in the text. There were many ways in which religion might be perverted; by omission, suppression, repression, compression. It was always perverted when there was no true, well rendered expression, and there was always room for that sad perversion, an undue exaltation of that which is merely subordinate and circumstantial into the place of what is prominent, foremost, and essential, as intimated in the Word of God.

The Jewish religion was largely ceremonial addressed to the senses to meet the circumstances of a rude age and a semi-barbarous people; but it was far from being exclusively ceremonial or ritualistic. On the contrary, it contained great moral and spiritual elements of so high an order that when our Saviour was asked to give the substance of true religion he did so in words borrowed from the books of Moses. The Jews had changed the emphasis from that which was moral and spiritual to that which was ceremonial, and ofttimes trivial, and thus, as Christ had told them, made the Word of God of none effect.

It was not, however, for their observance of the ceremonial that the Saviour censured them, but for their neglect of the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith. None of these scribes or Pharisees would have repudiated the principles of righteousness, charity, and truth, but they failed to put them in the emphatic position they were entitled to occupy, and thus, by changing the proportions, had destroyed the virtue of religion, and brought down upon themselves from the Saviour, who was gentleness itself, the most severe language that ever fell from his lips. This was the first illustration we had of the principle that it was possible to make the Word of God of none

effect by losing the balance of thought and proportion of feeling and worship.

Christianity is the flower and fruit of which Judaism was the bud and the promise. This, too, was emphatically a religion of many sides,—a religion of many features and elements,—but in a sense which did not appertain to old Judaism, and certainly not to any heathen form of worship. It is a religion of the intellect. This divine religion of Christ had come and taken its stand in the arena of human thought, challenging learning, philosophy, criticism, and the discoveries of science, and is the true foundation of intellectual development and culture for the time in which he lived.

It is a religion of the heart, too, and had also its practical side; it is careful to maintain good works. Then there is what might be termed the aesthetic side. There is room in it for the elements of beauty, for the highest forms of architecture, painting, poetry, and music; and, along with these, comes ritualistic and liturgical forms; for Christianity is not destitute of symbols and sacred rites: there being two especial ones, Baptism and the Lord's Supper. The form of art called music is one of the sweetest and most effective aids in the propagation and enforcement of the religion of Christ. How touching is the passage in the history of our Saviour, where he and his disciples, having sung a hymn, went out to the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane. In the hour of darkness and sorrow the soul found its best expression in a sacred song. Music was one of the sources of power and consolation which cheered and sustained the great German reformer Luther. Charles Wesley, by his spiritual songs, was the religious co-worker with his brother John in the great Methodist revival.

Then, there is a prophetic side to this religion. No other religion lifted the veil from the future within and beyond the limits of time like the religion of Christ. Other religions were dumb at the side of the grave. As that saddest, perhaps, of all earthly sounds —the clatter of the cold clay on the coffin-lid,—was heard, how drear and silent is the grave to all other religions, leaving one to exclaim, as Col. Ingersol did at the grave of his deceased brother, "Gone, my brother, to eternal silence; gone to pathetic dust." But now listen to the Gospel: "I am the resurrection and the life;" "for we know that if the earthly house of this our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" "this mortal shall put on immortality; this corruptible shall be clothed with incorruption."

It is said that on a clear, bright day, standing on the hills to the north of this town, it was possible to see dimly the southern shore of Lake Ontario; the green fields, the darker woods, and the habitations of men. Whether that were so or not, the Gospel enabled us to stand upon a lofty point of view, and, gazing heavenward, to see the other shore; the angels, seraphim and cherubim, and the redeemed walking in white; and the spiritual ear was attuned to catch the echoes of the new song and the sweet strains of the immortal harpers harping with their harps.

All these elements, and more, are to be found in Christianity. Could it be a matter of wonder, then, that poor mortals, with limited powers, should sometimes misplace the emphasis; that both as individuals and churches we should present a mutilated and

sometimes perverted interpretation of the religion of Christ. To say that we did not would be to contradict the obvious facts of history. There are to-day parts of Christendom in which one dare not take the New Testament and hold it side by side with what we see exemplified, and say that there we have a true representation of the religion of Christ. Perversions, however, had not been all in one direction. The general tendency had, perhaps, been toward making additions and interpolations, the multiplication of ceremonies and traditions, and the exaltation of human authority as distinguished from that of Scripture. But there had sometimes been mutilations and perversions in the other direction. In some respects Puritanism might stand as an example of that. If there were any error there it was the undue and exclusive attention of some moral and spiritual truth to the neglect of some other necessary elements, liturgical forms, and useful accessories. "These ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone."

Amid all forms of mutilation and perversion, the power of the Gospel has still survived, and in all the great historic churches, and even among minor sects there have never failed to appear men and women of exalted and even heroic forms of Christian life and character,—an evidence of the Divine power of the religion of the cross, even when imperfectly presented.

The first great safeguard is to be found in the Bible; not merely in the authority and inspiration of the Book, though that was essential, and lay at the very threshold, but in its peculiar construction and composition. It was not all of one type, nor written by one man, nor at one time. It contained history—the history of a period no other history could traverse,—psalmody, prophecy, proverbial wisdom, gospel narrative, a great variety of epistolary writing, some argumentative, some exhortative; and the apocalypse. The Bible would not be the book it is for guidance, instruction, impression, hope, faith and charity, had it been written as our modern theologians wrote their books, or as our catechisms and confessions of faith were written.

If we would make religion too exclusively doctrinal or philosophical, the Bible will correct and reprove us; or if we would make it too exclusively emotional, the Bible will correct and reprove us; or if too exclusively liturgical, ritualistic or rationalistic, or run into any other form of sectarian one-sidedness, it will correct and reprove us. There had been no example in the past nor is there any possibility in the future, of the pure religion of Christ flourishing for a length of time, or on a large scale where the Bible was hidden or withheld from the masses of the people, and to that might be added that there was no possibility of a free, unfettered circulation of the Holy Scriptures, where there was no system of popular instruction of a secular kind.

Where learning was lost, we lost not only its own special advantages, but we lost the only safeguard of true religion, because it was impossible to make use of the Bible for the guidance of the Church among a people left groping in ignorance and unable to search the Scriptures for themselves.

Another safeguard was the advent on earth, the raising up from time to time in the good Providence of God, of men blessed with extraordinary powers of interpretation. It was in religion

as in the facts and phenomena of nature. A modern writer had said, "If I could interpret a flower in all its history and relations I could tell you what God is, and what man is."

The history of a little flower is the history of many suns, as was the history of our coal beds; the eternities of the past have gone into it, and the prophecies of the future might be symbolized by it. From the dawn of history the sun has moved in his apparent course through the heavens, rising in the east and setting in the west, but the world waited for Copernicus to give the true interpretation and revolutionize astronomy, preparing the way for Newton and Keppler. The world waited for Newton to interpret the mysteries of light and the beauties of colour; for Franklin to give us the modern marvels of electricity and magnetism. The lids of many a puffing tea-kettle had been lifted by steam before the man came who was to interpret its meaning and give to mankind the power which now moves the machinery of the world.

It was the same in religion, which had its infinite relations and discoveries hidden away, and it required a progress in learning, a widening of thought, to enable us to reach the highest and best interpretation. In the sixteenth century, when the Church had gone astray, God raised up a German monk to restore the true interpretation of the Gospel,—confronting the authority of the priest and the sale of indulgences with the authority of Scripture and the doctrine of justification by faith; and in the eighteenth century, when the Church had degenerated into cold and barren formalism, God touched the hearts of the Wesleys, and enabled them to restore its great essential spiritual truths, bringing once more into the foreground the doctrine of the new birth, the witness of the spirit, and the universal priesthood of believers.

There are other circumstances and conditions which serve as safeguards in our time. The frequent, rapid, and unhindered communication of thought among the churches and the nations of the world were safeguards provided for the better interpretation or rendering of the religion of Christ. This power of comparison is brought to bear in the study of comparative religions, of comparative theology, not merely the comparison of Christian with heathen religions and Mohammedanism—but the comparison of one type or interpretation of the religion of Christ with other types and interpretations of it, in order that we might discern which is the truer and more beautiful; and not merely by this facility of communication, and consequently of comparison, but by the demonstration afforded by history of the practical power and the effect on civilization, on human life and character and progress, of one interpretation of the Gospel as compared with other types and interpretations of it.

If we found by such historical reference that one particular rendering or interpretation of the religion of Christ had turned out through the lapse of time and upon a large scale always more or less adverse to intellectual and civil freedom, and the higher and better forms of civilization, it might well raise a doubt as to whether that were, indeed, the true rendering of the religion of Christ. A religion that arrested the organ of human progress; that from time to time found it necessary to speak again ex cathedra in terms of denunciation of modern civilization; that reduced to beggary and pauperism and illiteracy, and the dregs of superstition, the

masses of the people; a religion in which they were permitted to lie, and groan, and slumber through the long years, was hardly the religion that could be taken as a true interpretation or representation of the religion of the Saviour.

If that had been the kind of religion we needed, incarnation and crucifixion and reconciliation would not have been necessary. Religion that could lead nations on the downward road to ruin had always existed, especially in the best and brightest days of old civilization. Carthage, old Rome, and other ancient nations had that kind of religion and went to their ruin; and it was a solemn question whether modern Rome had not through the ages of the past inherited rather too much of the spirit of the traditions and forms and ceremonies of that old pagan Rome, and by consequence given the world a kind of paganized Christianity, leading to similar results.

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# THE MAN TRAP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST IN LONDON."

## CHAPTER IV.

HER SON.

The room down-stairs where Mrs. Christie lived was a trifle more comfortable than the attic, but it also looked a wretched place in Joanna's eyes. It was smaller than John's room, and a bed filled up the greater part of the space; a bed with sheets and blankets so brown and dingy and soiled, that she shrank from the idea of lying down in it. There was a handful of fire in the grate, and a candlestick to hold the candle, and two or three chairs, a little cupboard too with no door to it, and a few pieces of crockery on the shelves. But all were covered with dust and grime that had long since become dried in, and would now take many an hour of hard labour to get clean. But Mrs. Christie made her very welcome, and was ready enough to give her all the information she could want about John and her grandchildren.

"Ay!" she said, "many a time my heart's bled for those poor children. They've had an awful life of it, father and mother always drinking, and she was the worst of the two. She drank like a fish, raw spirits, too. Lor'! even her baby wouldn't go nigh her at last; her very breath seemed afire, and nobody could stand to be near her. When a woman drinks like that, what can her husband do? He's bound to be drove to drink himself. And their children! God help their children, I say!"

"I'm come to take care of them," said Joanna, with her old face quivering.

"The baby 'll die," went on Mrs. Christie, "take my word for it; it's a little mass of disease, and there's no hope for it. The best thing for it. I always thanked God when my children died, and I'd eight of them, all gone now. But Christie, he drank, and I hadn't enough food to give them. They're better off in heaven. But there's Ally now, she'll be on the streets soon—"

"On the streets?" repeated Joanna. The words had a doubtful meaning to her, they were simple and yet sounded terrible.

"Ay! don't you know? Almost all drunkards' girls come to that," answered Mrs. Christie, "they turn into bad wicked women, you know; as bad as bad can be. Ally's never known a real decent woman like you. I'm not like you—no, no; I wish I was. And Ally's never known a better woman than me. She's a little girl now, but in a two-three years she'll want money, and she'll get it."

Worn out as she was, it was a long time before Joanna could go to sleep. Sleep is easily scared away from the pillow of the old, and she lay awake listening to the strange and horrible sounds that burst now and then upon the stillness of the night. This was a new world indeed that she had come to, and nothing in her former life had prepared her for living in this. She could hear her husband's dying voice saying, "Don't you never go away, nor you, nor John. We're too deep-rooted to live anywhere else."

Her heart was heavy, but one thing she was firmly resolved on. She would never leave her son again, never forsake him or his children. Get them home if possible she would, but she would never go away alone. The shock she was suffering from was so great that she could not all at once understand this misery. It was a mystery to her, a deep gulf which she could not measure; but she must share the misery, and save them from it if by any means she could save them. She was a feeble old woman; but God was on her side, and He would strengthen her with strength in her soul. She fell asleep at length, murmuring, "Strengthen me with strength in my soul!"

John Fleming sat in the dark after his mother was gone, trying to get his weakened and maddened brain to think clearly over what had taken place. His mother was come—come here, to this pig-sty of a place; and she said she intended to stay and live with him in it. He had always considered his mother better than any other woman he had ever known; and his love for her was the deepest love of his life. His wife, a silly, empty-headed girl, with only a pretty face, who soon took to drinking, had become in time a disgust and horror to him. She was dead now; but she had dragged him down into the same degradation and vileness. There had been, for a day or two after her burial, a faint desire, almost a purpose, in his mind of turning over a new leaf, and saving what money he could earn to send his children down into the country to their grandmother, perhaps even of going himself. For if ever he was to reform, and get back into right ways, this was the time, when he saw how terrible the death of a drunkard was. But his money had gone, like all his earnings in former times, straight to the spirit vaults, and his weak mind had let slip the plan he was too degraded to work out.

And now his mother was come. She had seen him, and knew all; and her heart was breaking. Yes; disgrace and degradation like his must break his mother's heart. He felt keenly what a hell he had made of his home, when he looked at it through his mother's eyes. What must she think of his children lying there in grimy wretchedness, half-starved, and clothed in miserable rags? Were these neglected creatures' grandchildren she could delight in? He had not even a shelter to give to his mother; hardly a seat for her to rest on. And what a home she had left for him! And the neighbours who loved and respected her so much; what a

change for her to come among a set of vile wretches such as he lived with !

Was it too late, he asked himself, to turn round, and change his manner of life? Oh! if he had only not forfeited his license, and could get work again as a cab-driver. But he was clever among horses; and perhaps he could get regular work at a stable-yard yet. If he could only keep sober there would be no difficulty, for many employers of labour knew him as a good and careful driver, when he was not drunk. Well ! for his mother's sake he must keep sober; and surely the thought of her would keep him straight. She should not dwell long in such a hole as this, for henceforth he would drink no more than was good for him.

He was awakened in the morning by his mother's voice at the door, and he looked round the filthy room, now too plainly seen by daylight, with shame and disgust. His mother kissed him when she entered; kissed him, and smiled in his face. He felt the tears smart under his eyelids; and he watched her with a sidelong glance, as she crossed over to the children's heap of rags, where they still lay sleeping. But there was nothing of disgust or anger in her face; a shadow of sorrow and care he could see, but nothing else. How squalid and ugly his children's faces were, thin and pallid, with smears of dirt upon them ! They were a drunkard's children, and bore the marks of their parent's vice ; but his mother bent over them with a look of love, and laid her hand gently on them, and kissed Ally tenderly as she woke and lifted herself up. She was too good for a place like this ; he must get her away from it as soon as possible.

"Mother !" he said, "I never thought how I was sinning against you !"

She turned and looked at him again with a smile. Was this dear son of hers going to repent, and, like the prodigal son wearied out with want and shame, go home again ? She had made up her mind since last night. There was a good deal of work in her yet, and she would do all her strength would allow her to earn food and clothes for her grandchildren. But if John would go home again, back to the old place and the old life, how easy it would be to work for them all. And he would get plenty to do in the Hall gardens and stables.

"Oh !" she said, "I love you dearly, John; you and these poor little children too."

"We aren't worth it," he cried, "go home, mother; leave us, and go home."

But that she would never do. She shook her head, and said nothing. He saw her look about her for materials to light the fire with; and her face fell as she caught sight of a little heap of coal and cinders in the corner by the children's bed. Joanna felt herself completely at a loss, as if she had been in some desert land. When the fire was kindled there was no kettle to put upon it. There was no cupboard, and no crockery; worse still there was no food. But it would never do for John to see her at a loss. She said cheerfully that she would borrow Mrs. Christie's kettle; and when she was about it she besought her neighbour to go out and buy her a little tea, and milk, and bread.

## CHAPTER V.

### HIS TEMPTERS.

John went out after a short and silent breakfast, saying he was going to seek for work. She was left alone with her difficulties. There was neither water nor soap; and no tub in which to wash her grandchildren; and they had not been washed for weeks. Her heart yearned over them as she stroked their starveling limbs; and her tears fell fast over the stunted, six-months-old baby, as it lay across her lap, with its wizened, meagre face looking up to her. Ally and Johnny, to whom all her movements seemed wonderful, stood by her, and leaned up against her, tiring her old stiff body, but filling her heart to overflowing with unutterable pity for them.

"It's better," she said to herself, "to be here than at home by myself alone."

Never had Ally and Johnny had such a treat as seeing grandmother's big box opened. There were things in it she needed at once; towels and sheets all scented with lavender and woodruff, and above them filberts and apples, and butter, and bacon, things from the country, such as they had never seen before in such abundance and perfection. Johnny retired into a corner with a handful of filberts, and began playing at marbles with them; but Ally stayed beside the box, gazing in wonder at the gowns, and shawls, and the black satin bonnet, and grey cloak. Such a stock of good clothes were a wonder to her.

"Oh, granny!" she cried, clasping her hands in ecstasy, "what a rich lady you must be!"

Joanna sat down and laughed; a tremulous laughter, very near to tears. The child must have been poor indeed not to have seen clothes as good as hers. But as she looked more closely at Ally's thin, torn frock, and the absence of clothing underneath, a flush rose to her old face. Why! it was not even decent! There had been already several things to shock her rustic sense of decency. She had been brought up herself with a delicate sense of decorum; and the coarseness, as well as the dirtiness of her surroundings, were an offence to her. But all this she must alter, and it would not do to sit idle and only dream of reform.

Joanna went out with Mrs. Christie to buy articles she found absolutely necessary. Soap and scrubbing brushes, a bucket and broom, and all the usual materials for making and keeping a home clean. They made a great hole in her scanty resources; for she would not break Sir Andrew's parting gift of a five-pound note; that must be saved for a great emergency. It was a busy day with her, and yet she seemed to accomplish little. The children's bed was still a heap of rags and straw, on which it was absolutely a pain to her to lay her clean white sheets.

John Fleming was not very successful in finding work. He went from one stable-yard to another; and it was past mid-day when he came across a stray job, by which he earned only a shilling. He hung about the streets till after nightfall in hope of better luck, but no luck came to him. When all chance seemed gone he bent his steps homewards, discouraged and cast down. Everything was against him; he had done his best yet he had taken next to nothing. It was a sorry thing to have only a shilling, when there was so much wanted to make his mother barely comfortable. What would a shilling do, when pounds were needed? What good was there in going home with a shilling?

He passed a good many gin-palaces, for they stand thick upon the ground in all neighbourhoods

where the poorest people live; but he refrained from going in. Still he had to pass the Gibraltar Arms, at the entrance to Gibraltar Court. The doors were swinging busily to and fro, for workmen and their wives at this hour were going in and coming out constantly. It looked very bright and inviting, and the tempting smell of the spirits filled the night air. John had tasted nothing since his early breakfast, and he felt heart-sick for his favourite dram. The thought of his mother hindered him so far as to make him hesitate before crossing the threshold, and creep in stealthily. But in a little while his shilling was gone, and he left the gin-palace penniless.

"Mother shall go away!" he said to himself; "she's too good for a place like this."

He was not drunk; he was too deep a drinker to get drunk with only a shilling; and he climbed the steep staircase whistling to prove to himself that he was not ashamed. At the sound of his approach she opened the door with a kindly word of greeting. He stood still in the doorway gazing into the room; for he had not seen his house and his children look so well—he could not remember the time when. They were clean and merry, with the subdued merriment of children whose short lives have been full of want and misery, and they came to kiss him when their grandmother bade them; but they crept away again at once to hang about her. His tea was nearly ready; some country sausages were broiling before the fire, and there was bread and delicious butter on the table, and cups and saucers waiting to be filled.

"Why, mother!" he said, with a break in his voice, "you're making a home for me."

She laid her work-worn and knotted hand on his shoulder as he sat down; and he looked up into her pleasant face, quivering with a love and pity that could find no words to express themselves.

"Ay! my lad!" she answered, "as long as I live I'll make a home for thee!"

He sat by the fire all evening, from time to time shedding a few maudlin tears, and wondering how much money his mother had laid out on the comforts that she had brought with her. But he said no more to her about leaving him and his children and going back to her old home in West Woodlands.

It was John Fleming's duty to make a home for his mother; he was not yet so lost and degraded a drunkard as not to feel that. Until now he had found a never-failing excuse to make to his own conscience in telling himself he had no home to go to, and that his wife would spend in drink every penny he saved by self-denial. His children were too young to do anything for him; and they were so neglected by their mother that they were a pain and disgrace to him instead of a pride and pleasure. But all this was changed, now his mother was there. Ally was losing her scared and troubled look, and Johnny was learning to play boldly. All the children were dressed decently in clothes made by their grandmother out of her own stock. She had made the room, too, look quite home-like, and studied his wants in every way, as she had been used to do in old days. He brought her a few shillings now and then, and kept pretty steadily at work, when he could find any to do. But he did not break off his habit of drinking; he told his mother he dared not, for the doctor at the chemist's shop had assured him that it might kill him if he gave it up suddenly. Joanna felt she could not argue with him against the doctor's judgment.

"There's a trap at the mouth o' the Court," he often said, "and none of us can get beyond it."

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## CHAPTER VI.

### HER SURPRISE AND SORROW.

Joanna Fleming set out one evening in the twilight, before John's usual hour for coming home, to see this trap set so cunningly at the mouth of the Court. It was, of course, the corner house with windows each way, glazed with large clear panes of glass, through which the glare of light was already shining, almost before the dusk had set in. Everything within it looked bright and sparkling except the floor, on which so many bare and dirty feet trod, and the front of the counter, against which so many ragged people leaned. It was only half full of its silly prey; but amongst the victims was John, her son, tossing down a dram with a gulp of pleasure that made her heart ache.

But there was one sight which astonished Joanna, and perplexed her more than any other. As she stood at the opposite corner, gazing earnestly at this man-trap, her eye was caught by the large signboard running across the top of the house. On it there were these words in huge letters, "Drummond & Co.'s Pale Ales."

"Drummond!" she said, half aloud. The name brought back to her mind the good old squire at home, Sir Andrew Drummond; the kind, generous landlord, whom she knew so well, and who never failed to be at church as regularly as she went herself, and always gave her a friendly nod in return for her respectful curtesy. But he was a Christian—a true Christian, if she ever knew one; and who could be so good as Lady Drummond, whose whole life was given up to serving God and her fellowmen? And their son, the Rector, who looked so well after the lads and young men in the village that they should not fall into drinking ways. She was grieved that the name of Drummond should be flaunting up there, over this fatal trap set for the bodies and souls of men.

As she stood there, wondering, with eyes growing dim with tears, she saw John gulp down another glass, and came across the floor with unsteady gait. He saw her in an instant, and crossed the street hurriedly as if he was ashamed that his mother should be looking on at such a scene.

"Mother!" he said, half angrily, "I can't bear you looking at me!"

"But God sees it all," she answered. "Oh! I never thought there was such places in the world for Him to see. Oh, my dear, only tell me what it is. What is it makes you go against your will into a trap, as you call it yourself? A brute beast 'ud never run into a trap it knew of."

"It used to be the only comfort I had," said John, "but I can't plead that now."

"And it's got the name of Drummond across it," she went on, her mind full of this discovery. "Look up there, John. Can they be any kin to our Squire, Sir Andrew, as they call him now. I can't bear to see the name the same as his."

"Why, it is him, curse him!" cried John Fleming; "you don't know about anything in the country, mother. But it's him that's the head of the firm; him, himself. They're the great brewers, and almost the richest men in London—in the country. I've heard they get as much as a thousand pounds a day—a thousand a day, mother! —by the Gibraltar Arms, and many another gin-palace that belongs to them. It's our fools' pence that makes them so rich."

"No, no, John!" exclaimed Joanna. "No, I can't believe it; you don't know how good they are. They don't know about it, if it's true."

"Don't know about it?" he growled. "Why! the first time I saw the Gibraltar Arms was with the young Squire. They've got agents, of course; but every now and then one of the firm goes round to see how things are managed. The young Squire would have put me into one of them as manager, if Susan hadn't been such a drunkard. I might ha' been behind the counter now, and then I could ha' made a home for you."

His eyes glistened at the thought, and his mouth twitched involuntarily, as if he was tossing off a dram.

"Does the Rector know?" asked Joanna.

"Ay! for certain," he answered.

"And do they know the harm they're doing?" she asked again.

"Certain sure!" he replied, with a harsh laugh. "Mother, you're too innocent for this world, you are. Of course, the Drummonds know. Everybody knows the curse drink is; but they want loads of money, and we poor fools give them every penny we can scrape together. We're fools of course; but aren't they worse than fools that set the traps for us?"

"But, John," she said, in a low and awed tone, "they go to church regular, and take the Holy Sacrament, and they have daily prayers at home, and everybody knows they are right true Christians. There's a mistake somewhere. Could they do it, my dear, and God looking on, if they'd seen a place like this, and knew it belonged to them?"

"Ay! there's a mistake," he answered, bitterly, "and I hope it'll be set right. If ever there's a Day of Judgment, as they say they believe there will be; but never till then, mother. There'll be hundreds of thousands more fools ruined, soul and body, before this traffic comes to an end, I reckon. And I'm one of the lot. I can't get past this trap."

Poor Joanna lay awake long that night. She was learning to lie awake for hours, the lack of fresh air and wholesome food, the hideous noise of oaths and blows in the Court, and the despondency that was slowly stealing away her courage, all united to keep her from restful sleep. She mourned over her son by night, that she might show him a cheerful face by day. But to-night she lay awake, her brain busy with thoughts of Sir Andrew and Lady Drummond. They had bought the estate of West Woodlands twenty years ago, when the last of the old stock was gone, and she had felt bound in duty to order herself lowly and reverently to them as her betters. They had shown her constant and unvarying kindness; and, more than that, they had given to her far more personal religious advice and instruction than even the former rector of the parish had ever done before. She had learned to look up to them as true guides in all things pleasing to God.

Very rich they were; everybody knew that. They had re-built the church at West Woodlands, and spent thousands of pounds upon it; a pretty row of alms-houses had been built and endowed by them; the great hospital in the county-town was munificently supported by them. Wherever money was wanted they gave it bountifully for the service of God, and the welfare of their fellow-men. Every mouth praised them.

Then Joanna thought of the sources of this wealth. The miserable homes in Gibraltar Court; the drunken men and degraded women, and starving children, who swarmed in every house, and

whose feet trod over the threshold of Sir Andrew Drummond's gin-palace. There were people dying like dogs from drink ; babies even smothered in their mother's arms, because they had spent their last coin in drink. Oaths and curses were the common language used in the court; the shrieks of women and wailing of children were the only music heard in it. It was an accursed spot, and the curse lay at the entrance of it, under the ownership of the Drummonds. And to-morrow morning Sir Andrew and Lady Drummond would go to the peaceful parish church, of which their son was rector, and they would join in the prayers and hymns, and go up solemnly to the Lord's Table, and there eat and drink of His supper, showing forth His death till He came again.

"Oh ! how can they ?" cried Joanna, half aloud; and then tears —hot, slow, bitter tears—stole down her wrinkled face until at last sleep came, and she forgot for a while all her own trouble, and the misery of her fellow-creatures living like brutes about her.

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## THE FAR DISTANCES OF OUR UNIVERSE.

BY AGNES GIBERNE.

*Author of "Sun, Moon and Stars;" "Radiant Suns," etc.*

The universe—our universe—the one starry system of which we can know anything definite, is composed of our sun with his attendant worlds; and of all the stars visible to us in the sky, whether seen by the naked eye or through telescopes, together with their attendant worlds; and of most if not all of the star-clusters and nebulae scattered among the stars.

"How far off are the stars ?" asks somebody of an inquiring mind; and he is perhaps told in answer that such a star is so many thousands of millions of miles away, that such another is so many billions of miles away, that yet another is so many hundreds of billions of miles away. And very likely he shakes his head over the information, feeling that all three figures are alike to him. Millions and billions are much the same in one's imagination. If we wish to form any definite notion as to the extent of our starry system, it is best to begin with objects nearer at hand, and to widen the distance gradually in thought to those objects which lie farther off.

In all the heavens, with the exception of passing meteors or meteorites, not one body occupies a position closer to earth than the moon, which is some two hundred and forty thousand miles away. Very far, of course, side by side with any earthly distances, but a mere fraction side by side with other astronomical distances. Next to the moon our nearest occasional neighbour is Venus, and then Mars. Both Venus and Mars, however, are often farther away from us than the sun, which remains always at somewhere about the same distance, roughly at from ninety to ninety-three millions of miles.

This dividing space between sun and earth is of great importance in thinking about the stars, and it should be clearly impressed upon the mind. Next to the sun, in point of nearness, come the more distant planets; Jupiter, which is about five times as far from the sun

as our earth is; Saturn, nearly twice as far as Jupiter; Uranus, nearly twice as far as Saturn; and Neptune, nearly three times as far as Saturn. All these planets belong to our sun, all are members of his family, all are part of the solar system. The size of the solar system as a whole, consisting thus of the sun and his planets, including our earth, may be fairly well grasped by any one taking the trouble to master two simple facts. They are these—that our earth is roughly about ninety-two millions of miles away from the sun, and that Neptune, the outermost planet of the solar system, is nearly thirty times as far distant from the sun as our earth is.

Despite the actual greatness of the Solar System, as expressed in miles, it may be looked upon as something very small indeed, compared with the vastness, the immensity, of the Stellar System—that "universe" of which our entire solar system forms but one insignificant spot. To gain any true idea of the universe, it has been needful to begin with our sun's system; and a small beginning it is. Small in one sense. Our earth's diameter, eight thousand miles, is large if compared with the distance which divides London from St. Petersburg, but it is a trifle compared with the gap which separates our earth from the moon. And the space between earth and sun, though vast if compared with that which divides earth from moon, is a mere bagatelle compared with the abyss which intervenes between our solar system and the nearest star.

Some people find a curious difficulty in mentally distinguishing between stars and planets. Our sun is a star, brother to all these twinkling points which lie scattered over the night-sky. Our world is not a star, but a planet, sister to the few shining but non-twinkling bright bodies which appear to wander slowly among the stars. The planets belong to our solar system. Other planets belonging to other stars may and doubtless do exist in countless millions through the universe; but we have no power to detect their presence. They, like the planets which belong to our sun, shine by the reflected brightness of their particular star, not by their own intrinsic radiance; and so they cannot be seen at a very great distance. Any watcher, with eyesight and telescopes such as ours, gazing from the region of any star in the sky, outside our solar system, would see nothing whatever of the planets or the moons of our system. He might make out the sun, as a more or less dim star; he would not be able to detect Jupiter or Saturn, still less our little earth.

And it must be remembered that every single star in the whole universe lies outside our solar system, with only one exception. That exception is our sun. So by the Solar System we mean the little family or kingdom of one star, known to us as the sun; and that star is one of tens of millions of stars which all together make up the enormous Stellar System; and that stellar system is doubtless one of very many—perhaps millions—of stellar systems, all of which together make up the created universe.

It is worth while making an effort to picture to ourselves the vast extent of the starry system, in which we reside. Having gained some faint notion of the extent of the lesser solar system, which occupies a small corner of the stellar system, we must work outward from that beginning. Let us take for our unit of measurement the space which separates earth from sun; and let the ninety-two millions of miles of this distance be represented in our minds

by one single inch. In proportion, the sun himself must be pictured by a tiny ball, less than one-hundredth of an inch in diameter; while our earth must be a mere speck, less than one-ten-thousandth of an inch in diameter. And this little sun and this minute earth must be just one inch asunder.

Following out the same idea, Mercury and Venus, being closer to the sun than we are, have to be less than one inch away from him; while Jupiter will be five inches off, Saturn will be ten inches off, Uranus will be over nineteen inches off, Neptune will be almost thirty inches off. Then the solar system as a whole, leaving only out of the question certain comets which travel farther, will be enclosed in a circle less than two yards in diameter.

The question arises next—what will be the proportionate size of the stellar system on this same scale of measurement? If the solar system is to be comprised with a hoop, not two yards across, how wide a space should we allow to the surrounding system of stars, "our universe"? How near will be the nearest of outlying stars? And the answer is sufficiently startling. If the sun is reckoned to be one inch away from our earth, if Neptune is reckoned to be less than three feet away from the sun; then, on the same scale, the star which lies closest of all outer stars in the whole universe to us, Alpha Centauri by name, must be reckoned as lying at a distance of about three and a half miles! And between the two—nothing! At least, nothing in the shape of a star. An occasional comet may lag slowly along in the darkness, finding its way from one sun-system to another; and dark bodies, cooled suns, may possibly float here or there unseen by us; but of stars, radiant with heat and light, none are found in that wide area.

Astronomical writers sometimes talk of stars "in the vicinity" of the sun; and this is what is meant by "vicinity." Think of the distances implied. Our whole solar system is first brought down into a small circle, two yards across—every inch in those yards standing for more than ninety millions of miles—and then, on every side and above and below, is an encompassing void of three and a half miles; every inch of those miles again representing more than ninety millions of miles. And then we come upon one gleaming star! Only one quite so near.

Another star in the sun's "vicinity," known as 61 Cygni, would lie at a distance of seven miles; and the brilliant Sirius would be over ten miles off. Others must be placed at distances of twenty miles, fifty miles, one hundred miles. It is easy to start with a list of these figures; it is not easy to say where one should stop.

That the starry system has limits we do not doubt; but to define these limits is not possible. On such a scale as is given above, those limits certainly would not lie within a distance of one hundred miles, nor of one thousand miles. It is believed that some dim stars, barely to be detected, may be ten thousand times as far away as our sun's nearest neighbour, Alpha Centauri; and this at once gives, even on our very much reduced scale, a line from the centre of thirty-five thousand miles.

Suppose that the limits of the stellar system lay somewhere about there. Thirty-five thousand miles each way from the centre would mean a diameter for the whole of seventy thousand miles. Imagine a starry system, seventy thousand miles across from side to side; each inch in those miles representing

ninety-two millions of real miles; and somewhere in the midst of it our small solar system, just two yards across, separated from all other stars by a wide blank of three or four miles !

That would be stupendous enough. But we have no reason whatever for supposing that the limits of our universe do lie there. The true boundaries of the stellar system may be twice as far, four times as far, ten times as far. We do not even know with certainty that our solar system is placed anywhere near its centre, though this seems rather likely. Far off as the boundary reaches in one direction, it may reach much farther in another direction.

An illustration very commonly used, to convey some idea of star distances, is that of the passage of light; and an allusion to it here may tend to enforce the illustration already used. A ray of light travels at the rate of about one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles in one second. Light coming from the sun reaches us in less than nine minutes; and from Alpha Centauri in about four years and four months.

Here again we have the wide surrounding void between our sun and all other stars. Here again we have to remember that beyond the nearer stars are multitudes of more distant stars, and that the light from them arrives here, not in four years, but in ten years, in twenty years, in fifty or a hundred years, in a thousand or five thousand years, and so on.

Here again no limit can be definitely placed. It has been roughly calculated that the whole stellar system may perhaps consist of somewhere about one hundred millions of stars; but no doubt it may equally well consist of two hundred millions. It has also been roughly calculated, or conjectured, that the light of a star on one outer verge of the system may perhaps travel across the whole breadth of the system to the opposite outer verge in the course of some thirty thousand years—each instant of those thirty thousand years, darting through one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles of space. But the length of time occupied in this journey might equally well be fifty or sixty thousand years.

The entire universe must, one would think, be a marvellous tangle of star-beams; all these millions of suns sending forth each moment all their millions of light-rays; and all those rays, once started, travelling onward and onward in a direct line to the utmost extent of the system—how much farther still who shall say?—unless stopped in mid-career. But although the rays are there in a sense, they are not visible as light, except when they strike upon and are checked by some object in their path. Space itself, through which these rays are hastening, may be said to be dark. The light is hidden till the beams are captured.

Another curious fact in connection with this subject is the historical nature of starlight. What we see, when we look at the heavens, is the stars as they once were, not as they are at this moment. This is an oft-told truth, yet it can hardly be too often told, because it is not easy of realization. Suppose that you are gazing at a distant lamp as it was when the ray which now strikes your eye left it. No matter that the time between is very short; still it exists; for light always takes time to travel. If that lamp is put out, you continue to see it for a fraction of a second after its light has ceased to be. In the matter of a lamp, the fraction of time is too small to be appreciable; but in the matter of light from the stars, matters are widely different.

Here is a ray of sunlight resting on your face. That ray tells you of the state of the sun close upon nine minutes ago. It brings you a picture of the sun, as the sun was then. It does not tell you of the condition of the sun now, at this instant.

Look at bright Sirius, shining and twinkling in the sky. The ray of light that impinges on your eyeball tells you what Sirius was like, more than ten years ago. It is quite conceivable that Sirius may no longer be exactly like that. Within the last six months Sirius might have undergone a collision with some other star, and might have blazed up in consequence with a tenfold splendour. Not at all likely, of course; but not among events utterly impossible. If things were so, the news would come to you, brought by star-beams travelling from Sirius—not to-morrow, or next year, but somewhere about ten years or more hence. From now till then all rays coming in from Sirius would have started before the collision took place, and so they would be able to say nothing about it. Speaking in human language, they would not know anything of that collision.

Or look through a telescope at some tiny star, invisible to the naked eye. The light from that star perhaps left its surface before the time of William the Conqueror. It may be—it is not quite impossible—that the tiny star has since those days actually left off shining; but still we see it in our sky, because the rays which started while it yet shone are arriving moment by moment, telling us the story of what the star was like, hundreds of years ago, before it parted with its brightness.

Perhaps again we are examining through a large telescope a faint and far-off nebula; a mass of whirling gases, the light of which has taken, say, ten thousand years to get here. We see what the nebula was like in prehistoric ages. It may since then have lessened in size and changed in shape. It may now wear a very different aspect; and men looking from earth, ten thousand years hence, will be able to see what that nebula was like in our days. All these things help us to understand what the immensity of the stellar system is—and yet more, to imagine dimly what the measureless extent of all creation must be, if many such star-systems float side by side throughout the vast domains of space.

One other fact must not be lost sight of; and this is, the rapid and incessant motion of all the stars. Our starry system is no fixed and rigid mass. We talk indeed of "fixed stars," and our ancestors believed in them; but we now know better. The constellations keep their respective shapes through ages, yet such a phenomenon as an immovable star is not found in the universe. Not a star in the heavens remains ever for two consecutive seconds in the same place. Every distant sun is on the steady rush toward some goal; and each sun carries with him, wherever he goes, all his attendant worlds and satellites.

Our sun is speeding through space at the rate of many hundreds of thousands of miles each day; nevertheless the enormous distance which separates us from the nearest star is not apparently thereby diminished. That is to say, we cannot see, we cannot take cognizance of, the diminishment. So wide and vast is the dividing chasm, that if our sun were to continue steadily onward at his present rate, and if the motion were straight towards Alpha Centauri, and if Alpha Centauri remained for ages where he is, we should not

approach the actual neighbourhood of that star in less than one hundred and fifty thousand years.

And with other stars it is the same. They, too, are hastening onward, this way and that way. Most of them are doubtless held in and controlled by the whole mass of their companion-stars, each exerting a measure of attractive power over all the rest. Some few stars are known to be whirling along at speeds so terrific, that it has been seriously questioned whether all the stars in the stellar system can possibly hold them in—whether they are not mere passing visitants from some other starry system or universe, coming out from the black vista on one side, passing through our midst during a few millions of years of journeying, then plunging into the dark vista on the other side, never to return.

Things may be so. We know little about the matter; and until we can at least roughly number the stars of which our stellar system is formed, we cannot possibly calculate the power of control which they unitedly possess over any individual in their midst. If things were so, it would be, on a much vaster scale, somewhat analogous to the visitations of strange comets, often known in our solar system—comets coming from other sun-systems, passing among the planets, then rushing off in a new direction. We are a great deal more at home in affairs of the solar system than in those of the stellar system.

These wondrous "far distances" of the universe bring a sense of oppression and of bewilderment. Not miles upon miles, but millions of miles upon millions of miles are heaped together, till the brain refuses to accept the offered load. But, while it is not possible to picture to ourselves the reality of those immeasurable wastes, amid which distant stars at wide intervals are found to float, it is possible, by some such method as is offered above, to gain a notion of the comparative proportions of the world we live in, of the smaller system to which our world belongs, of the vaster system of which that little system forms a part, and of the stupendous universe of all creation, throughout which stars and star-systems innumerable are scattered like fine gold-dust by the hand of the Divine Creator.

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## OBEDIENCE.

Hebrews v. 8.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

No earthly lives have ever yet been lived
But each hath held its meed of suffering;
Some more, some less; but One—the sinless life,
Lived for our sakes and sacrificed for us—
More than they all beside.
And we are told
That He who did such agony endure
Was taught obedience by the things He suffered.

What can this mean? What mystery is here!
Well, all too well, we know the need we had
Of his atoning pains;—but can it be
That He, God's Holy Son, the Blessed Christ,
Who knew no wish beyond His Father's will,
Himself had of obedience aught to learn?

Leave we this thought; it is above our ken;
But since we know that all His life on earth
Was lived for us, strive we to mould ourselves
By His example; and submissive con
While in the school of suffering, such lessons
As, for our soul's development, He sets us.—
Then glad shall we go forth, where now again
For us He lives, far from this world of pain.

TORONTO.

# SAMMY DAWSON.

BY DOUGLAS HEMMEON.

There is nothing in any way wonderful about the little town of Mineville. All the historic importance it possesses is reflected upon it from the village of Brookton, which sleeps the winters and dozes the summers away, in its nook, some three miles to the eastward, where, in the year 1755, these simple-hearted Acadian peasants were gathered into their chapel, and marched on board the English ships.

And even the glow from the reflection of this event lies somewhat dim upon the town, for Brookton itself absorbs the greater portion of history's tribute to its peaceful character, in order to counteract the reputation for lawlessness which it at present possesses.

But in these practical days, the present condition of a community is of more importance than its past, as indeed is quite as it should be, and so, judged in this light, the town of Mineville stands out for a little consideration from us.

Truly it is a beautiful place. Nestling, embowered in maples, chestnuts, and elms, within the lap of a sheltering range of hills, its wide, clean streets, and cool, pleasant drives, invite to thoughtful, quiet pleasures. The great level dykelands of the Acadian peasants stretch away from the town, far to the shore of the river, and Minas Basin sleeps beyond, kept by the Frenchman's narrow mound of earth from flinging its yellow spray across the lower streets.

How well do I remember when that small inlet of the sea bounded the garden wherein flowered my childish imagination. Twice a day the tide came frothing in, red with the mud of the bare creek bottoms, and, of course, I thought that all the sea in all the world was red. And when some Bay of Fundy schooner chanced to come in while the tide was full, and I heard the men on the wooden wharf say, as they caught her hawsers and made her fast, "Guess she's from St. John," I would watch the sailors—not often above three in number—as one would watch the natives of some far country, never known before; drawn to them by childish curiosity, yet repelled by the fear of being seized and carried off to the ends of the earth, and pictures of my dear mother wringing her hands while searching for her lost boy, caused me to leave few fences between my vantage-ground and our own front door.

What mattered it to me if the dingy schooner did bring coal and carry away potatoes? Was not the coal from beyond the radius of my travels? Could I not see the recesses of some distant mine where, as shown in the cut in my "Fourth Reader," brave and noble men, with shining halos of light about their heads, worked, in danger of their lives, that we might be warm in winter in our cozy home, and that Josie, our maid, might cook our food? And did I not hear the myriad sounds that make the music of the great city where our potatoes went, with its immense warehouses and tall chimneys, its policemen, and shining street-cars, and glittering palaces, and crowds of people?

I have never seen that city since, in all my travels, for there was no crime in it, and the faces of the crowds were happy. Nor will I see it till, "as a little child," again, I enter the "New Jerusa-

lem," "the Holy City." Ah, what pictures I have seen in that old town of Mineville!

And then, Mineville is a college town. I think the first succession of sounds that fixed itself in my memory was, "Rah! rah! rah!" and the first and greatest ambition that swelled my tender heart, to wear a college gown and go sailing up and down the streets with a bundle of books under my arm with queer characters on their covers. Alas! I did not then discriminate between carrying the information under the sleeve of a college gown and under a college cap, and the visible was to me the only reality. How I worshipped the college boys! I know not how many happy leagues of "campus" my sturdy legs ran after their foot-balls and base-balls. I was honoured, flattered, lifted up, to think I had the privilege. If one of them spoke to me on the street, I walked the rest of the way home on air. When the college foot-ball team came back from their victory over the city, I ran away from home to see them get off the train, and wondered why the populace did not crown them, every man, and make them each a throne.

But, after all, the subject of this sketch is neither connected with the town shipping, nor with its college, yet he is as necessary a factor in the town's history, at least in my memory, as either.

As there is nothing wonderful about Mineville, so there is nothing wonderful about Sammy Dawson. When the historian writes of the place, he will not mention Sammy; but the historian writes information of only practical value. Sammy is only the wood-cutter and grave-digger of the place, but I wish you to know about him. He is not great,—never was great, —never will be—that is, as the world judges men. The victories he has won have not been won with flare of banner and blare of trumpet. No one has ever chronicled a single deed of his life. Yet am I sure that there be men who have taken cities by sword, by ballot, and by oratory, who will one day stand tiny beside him.

No one would think of setting up an opposition business to Sammy, for he positively possesses a monopoly of the custom. The man who did would be boycotted. People will keep their woodpiles for his saw for weeks, and pick up chips in the yard meanwhile. Gentlemen will pull off their coats and saw their own wood, "till Sammy can come."

If any of the old ladies of Mineville thought that any other hand than Sammy's would turn the sod of their last resting-place, I am sure it would hasten their decease. He is known to have in his possession the directions for, and the location and plans of, the graves of some one or two erratic old people, furnished him by their own hands.

I never noticed any difference in Sammy's dress. Summer or winter, grey homespun trousers, thick boots, grey shirt, grey knit braces, and a felt hat grey with age.

A man more loyal to his Church is not to be found. What though he does always say the same thing in prayer-meeting, he is always in his place. What if he does mangle the Queen's English, he is always loyal to his minister. He is narrow and bigoted, but he gives of his poor earnings to the widow and the fatherless.

I think that I, too, would rather that Sammy should shape my last resting-place than any other, for surely it is a proper sentiment that one should desire that those hands that shall fashion his long home, be the hands of them whose lives are pure and kindly.

And then, after the tale Sammy told me of himself, a strong liking

for the quaint old man grew up in my heart and has not left it yet. I think you will like him, too, if you read it.

A little boy—a son of one of the professors—was dead, and as Sammy was fashioning the tiny grave, I passed up through the cemetery.

"Well, Sammy, hard at work, I see."

"No, minister, not hard; I'm gettin' too old now."

"For little Ralph, Sammy?" pointing to the grave.

"Yes, poor little feller. Cold here for him. He was so bright and cheerin', always had a nod and a smile for old Sammy."

"It's only his body, Sammy."

"Yes, I know, sir, but it's all we have now, and we feel as if we must be good to him."

And Sammy patted the sides of the grave smooth in a touching, futile effort to carry out his desire.

"It kind o' makes us kin to the dead when we have graves of our own to keep."

"Yes, Sammy; have you one?"

"Ay, have I?" with a quick, upward glance. For Sammy was pretty sure I knew that he took a monthly trip to his wife's grave in a neighbouring village, and kept it clean; and that he was saving all he could to get a tombstone; and that I also knew the text of Scripture he had chosen for it—as did everyone in town—for Sammy had told everybody who would listen, at least a score of times, and some once or twice, who wouldn't, had it shouted after them as they hurried away, much to the amusement of strangers and small boys.

Nevertheless, Sammy climbed out, and, sitting down on a neighbouring gravestone, pushed his faded hat from his faded eyes, and half soliloquizing, half conversing, as he wiped his boots with tufts of grass, began abruptly.

"The only funeral I ever attended, where I wasn't first at the grave, minister."

I repressed an inclination to laugh, but it was easy when I remembered that beside the graves of old and young, of rich and poor, for two generations, had stood the faithful man, a grey, lone figure, with head bared alike to winter's wind or summer's calm.

"Yes, Sammy, how did that happen?"

I well knew how it had happened, but I like to watch Sammy's face when he tells it, for he has never learned the art of cultured people—the art of concealing feeling in conversation—and when you study Sammy's face, you study Sammy's heart.

"Well, sir, to begin at the beginning, you know I was keeping company with Sally Salters for nigh on to ten years before we were married."

"So I've heard, Sammy."

"And you've heard a deal more, sir, I dare to say, eh?"—with a sly glance around.

"Oh, yes, Sammy."

"How that we always took the same walk at the same hour every Sunday, so that the people who lived on the road over the ridge always said that they set their clocks by us, eh?"

"Well, I have heard gossip to that effect, Sammy."

"And right they were, sir, if I do say it myself; for I always planned my business and pleasure reg'lar, and love-makin' was no exception. No gaddin' about at all hours like these gay young college chaps, with the pretty misses, for Sammy Dawson.

"But ye see, sir, I was brought to a savin' knowledge of the truth in the Baptist Church, and Sally—well, Sally was a prime woman—a prime woman—but she was a Methodist—not but what the Methodists are a good people, but that the good Book says how that

it is wrong to be unequally yoked together, and as the Methodists was never equal to the Baptists, and it took Sally ten years to change her mind and her church, why, 'twas just ten years before she changed her name." And Sammy threw one knee over the other with excess of self-complacency written on every feature.

"She made no objection to being baptized accordin' to the Scripture method, sir, nor to refusing to company in the sacrament with other churches—that is, no open objection, but sometimes, I'm bound to say, when we passed the Methodist church of a Communion Sunday, I have thought I heard a sigh 'for the flesh pots of Egypt,' as it were; but I told her she ought to keep our rules, and I think I was right.

"She had such a good chance to lead the young people astray, sir, too; for we lived so far from the church that she kept a bit of a Sunday-school herself, for the neighbours' children. At first I used to stay in the room myself to see that proper doctrines were taught them, but she was faithful to the truth, and, after a while, I contented myself with a bit of a listen at the door, from the kitchen; but I never heard any wrong notions taught. She was a faithful woman, was Sally, and often, when a question would arise about such matters as I had doubts on about her knowledge of the truth, she would step to the door and call me in to put the children right.

"But there was one little matter about which Sally would never talk."

"Yes, Sammy, what was that?"

"The Scripture text for her tombstone, sir.

"Ye see, workin' among them so much, I've kind o' got used to them, and they seem kind o' friendly like, standin' all about us here"—with a wave of his spade—"but Sally, she didn't like to have it spoke of nohow.

"'There be time enough, Sammy—time enough,' she would say; and would in no way listen to me; but always had the hens to feed, or the garret to look into, or somethin' o' that sort, whenever I spoke of it.

"But one day we was both at the funeral service of an old lady in the church down yonder—I remember that day like as if 'twas yesterday—we were settin' down near the door, so as I could slip out to be on hand at the grave. I think I must have been snoozin' during the sermon, for suddenly, the first thing I heard, loud like in my ears, was these words: 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours and their works do follow them.' 'That's the text for Sally's stone,' thinks I, and so I leaned over to her and says low like: 'That's it, Sally! That's it!'

"'Whist! What are you meaning, Sammy?' says she.

"'The text, Sally,' says I. 'It's just the one for your tombstone.'

"I always wondered why Sally did it, but she poked me so hard in the leg with her parasol, and said: 'Go out, Samuel Dawson, and be in your place before the procession gets there,' that I—well, sir, I just went.

"And after that I could in no wise get her to talk about it at all.

"But I kept a-thinkin' of it, all the same, and when poor Sally was in her last sickness, one day I stopped in the kitchen on my way in to see her, and screwed up my courage to speak to her about it. So I went in after a long time, and says I: 'The good Book, Sally, says that we should think of our latter end, and I want to speak of it to you.'

"'Yes, dear Sammy, I am a-thinkin' perhaps I have come to it this time,' says she.

"'I hope not, Sally, wife,' says I, 'but if so be you have, wouldn't it be right for us to decide on that text of Scripture.'

"'Sammy, man,' says she, a-settin' up in bed, 'you've been a good husband to me these many years, and I have tried to be a good wife to you.'

"'And you have, my girl, you have that,' says I.

"'Then, Sammy,' says she, 'please don't mention that text to me again,' and she got as white as yon cloud, sir; so as I forgot all about Scripture, and tombstones, and everything, and just sat holdin' her hand till the sun went down in the daisy field, and God's stars reached down their quiet touches to rest on her dear face.

"And so, every day, I sat holdin' her hand till the daisies hid the sun, and the sky unveiled the stars, but never another word says I about that text of Scripture.

"Then, one evening, God sent his angels through the cloud gates, and over the daisies, and when the stars looked down, Sally was amongst them.

"But her last words was: 'Their works do foller them,' and so I take it, sir, as how that must be the text after all." And Sammy, in his perturbed state of mind went to marking out a grave right over that of an aged and respectable town councillor.

Being admonished, he dropped his spade, and took up the thread of his history.

"Well, we buried her over in Millville, beside her parents, as that was her wish. I wanted to dig her grave myself, but they said that it was better to let the grave-digger there do it. It went hard with me to think I couldn't, but it went harder when I found, after hurrying over the fields, to be first at her graveside, to find the grave-digger there before me.

"The only funeral I ever was at where I wasn't first," he soliloquized, "and Sally's funeral, too; and that was how it happened.

"But that was years ago, and now I've almost enough saved up to get a tombstone with the text of Scripture on it. You know it, sir, don't you?"

"Yes, yes, Sammy. I know it," I hastened to reply.

"I was thinkin', minister, that, as I can't live much longer, I might have the stone put for both of us, for I should like to rest beside Sally, so as we may stand together on the Great Day, for there might be questions of doctrine I might help her to answer, sir.

"And I was thinkin', too, that, as Sally made more of a man and a Christian of me than I would a' been without her, that I might rightly call myself one of her 'works,' sir, as it were; and so, as I will soon foller her now, I've been thinkin' lately, by noon hours and evenin's, how that I'd have the text put on one side o' that stone—you know it, sir,"—ignoring my protestations of familiarity with it—'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours and their works do foller them,'—that I'd have that cut on one side, and on the other side, 'Her works has follered.'

"'Taint Scripture, I know," said the old man, straightening his bent figure up, in readiness to do battle in defence of a possible heresy, "but I am one of Sally's works, and, anyway, I'll see Sally soon, and then I'll explain it all to her. I could always make things plain to Sally. She always seemed to understand."

Sammy was gazing out over the daisied dykelands with eyes that saw afar. The distant sound of the mowing machines in the grass

he did not hear. The cries of the college boys playing on the campus, mingled with the "yo ho's" of the men on a coal-laden schooner, making fast to the wharf, and came up, subdued and thin, to where we stood, but the old man's ears were turned to higher sounds. A passing neighbour's salutation met with no response.

The quiet sun sent mellow golden tints across the daisy fields and bathed the whole hill-top in a flood of silent light; and as, turning to steal away, I looked at the grave-digger, the homely, wrinkled face beneath the battered hat seemed, in the fading reflection of the world beyond, to be somewhat as the face of an angel.

Somerset, Bermuda.

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# HIRAM GOLF'S RELIGION.

*SHOEMAKER BY THE GRACE OF GOD.*

BY GEORGE H. HEPWORTH, D.D.

## CHAPTER IV.

"FEARIN' AND TREMBLIN'."

John Jessig opened his house every Wednesday evening for general conversation on religious subjects. These meetings were well attended, partly because there was a good deal of enthusiasm in the parish, partly because they were more informal than a gathering in any church could be, and partly because at eight o'clock an urn of tea and another of coffee were brought into the room and a half-hour of sociability followed.

Tea and coffee as auxiliaries to religion have been greatly underestimated. The aroma of these genial beverages dissipates the frigid stateliness of such occasions, and exerts a very neighbourly, if not a distinctly evangelical, influence. Two men who are reasonably well acquainted will sit stiffly side by side for a full hour, as though they were a couple of icicles, or as though they were participants in a family feud, not knowing how to begin a conversation, or perhaps with no desire to begin one. The cunning magic of a cup of coffee changes their thoughts and feelings in an instant, loosens their tongues by some unaccountable legerdemain, and starts them on a dozen topics in a dozen minutes.

Every minister knows that the simplest kind of refreshments works wonders. Invisible barriers tumble to invisible ground, and the chill air gives way to something almost tropical. Whether it is that the spiritual life is distantly or indirectly related to the digestive organs, I have never been able to discover. I merely relate facts, and leave the philosophy which underlies them to abler and more curious minds.

Young people especially are always in a state of chronic hunger. They attend a meeting in the vestry, which has no kitchen attached, in the spiritual condition indicated by wraps and furs; but the sociability engendered in a meeting which offers even the humble sandwich is as tempting as a flower garden. The ice of formality melts, and religion joins hands with general good feeling when the coffee-pot hums its little song.

John Jessig had learned this secret from the aged ex-pastor,

who in turn had learned it by repeated experiment. From seven o'clock to eight on this particular evening he had suggested a variety of topics—the church debt, the feasibility of holding a fair to pay off the mortgage, and the best means of reaching the un-churched of Woodbine; but no one ventured to break silence except Deacon Northwind, who droned in his usual way and got all his verbs tangled in the meshes of his adjectives, and one other individual, who spoke so low that he could hardly hear his own voice. It was an iceberg hour, and John felt the cold chills creeping over him.

But after the table had been cleared away it seemed as though everybody wanted to talk at once. Sisters and brethren were alike so full of opinions that they could hardly contain themselves. Faces wore an entirely different expression, and tongues which had suffered from paralysis suddenly started into activity. The meeting from that moment was not merely lively, but effervescent, and John recognized gratefully the benign influence of the coffee berry and the tea plant.

That portion of the debate to which I wish to call your attention followed close on the heels of a remark by Farmer Kinch. Kinch was a thoroughly good man—now gone to his reward—but his heart seemed to work upside-down. Religion, to him, involved a frightful responsibility. There was a modicum of misery in his happiness. If there had not been, he could not have been happy at all. The ordinary pleasures of life seemed to him to be tinged with criminality, and whenever he saw a man thoroughly enjoying himself he shook his head mournfully.

It might not be fair to say that some people are so good that they are bad; but I venture the assertion that when a man thinks God made a mistake in creating flowers and painting the sky blue instead of black, and then runs his life by that theory, he depresses the spiritual vitality in his vicinity.

Farmer Kinch had only one string to his harp, but he played on that with vigour and persistency. It was what the neighbours called "the fear and tremblin' string."

Hiram listened very respectfully at first, but, after that, very impatiently. He shifted from one side of his chair to the other, and at last, unable to stand the pressure any longer, broke in on the monotonous speaker.

"Brother Kinch," he said, "I've been thinkin' about that for a good many years now. I reckon you and me agree about the fust part, that is, the workin'-out-our-salvation part, because salvation is a good and glorious thing, that can't be understood all to once. There's a mighty deal to it, more than any one can get hold of in a day, or a year, or a lifetime. We keep workin' at it, unrollin' it, examinin' it, and the more we work the more we learn about it, and the more grateful we be. But as to the 'fear and tremblin',' I don't exactly catch your meanin'. How do you explain that?"

"Wall," said Farmer Kinch, not unwilling to measure swords with his adversary, and feeling very sure of his ground, "I take the Scripter just as it reads. It's plain enough, and I don't see no chance for a difference of opinion. When the Bible says spade I don't s'pose it means shovel."

"That's all right," rejoined Hiram. "But the parson will tell us, I guess, that before we make a theory out of Scripter, it's dangerous not to examine it pretty thorough. If it says spade so plain that nobody can make anythin'

else out of it, then I am willin' to take the spade and work out my salvation with it. I don't want no shovel if the Lord says spade, and I won't handle nothin' else. But in my judgment a good deal of injury has been done by not knowin' what God reely said. Ain't that so, parson ?"

"On general principles," answered John Jessig, "Brother Golf is right; but I don't quite see the drift of the argument. Perhaps Brother Kinch will explain himself a little further."

"Accordin' to my mind," responded the farmer, "no man can't be happy if he's got a 'fear and tremblin'' job on his hands."

Hiram bowed his head approvingly.

"Salvation," continued Kinch, "is jest that sort of thing, and you can't get away from it. We've got to be saved, and it ain't easy. Religion is dreadful serious, because gettin' to heaven has a good many uncertainties connected with it."

"But let us get right down to the main p'int," suggested Hiram. "What is it that a man has got to fear, and what is there that he must tremble about ?"

"Why, he ought to fear that after all he won't get the salvation, of course. Isn't that what the Bible says ? And how can he help tremblin' if he has sot his heart on it, and knows that at any minute it may slip away from him ? No man ain't safe until he's on the other side of Jordan, and can't go the wrong way any more. Human natur is such that you can't feel sure of heaven until you get there. That's my doctrine, and that's what St. Paul tells us."

Hiram hung his head. His attitude showed that he was both grieved and puzzled. "Wall," he said, in very sorrowful tones, "if Brother Kinch is right, then I've travelled for forty year on the wrong road. I'll have to throw away all I've been gatherin' and begin over again. No man ain't safe from condemnation until he's dead! Is that what you said, brother ?"

"That's jest it exactly," repeated Kinch, rather doggedly.

"Can that be so ?" continued Hiram. "Isn't a man safe when he's got the promise of God in his heart ? If God can't keep that promise now, what reason have you to s'pose He can keep it hereafter ? You see, all the underpinnin' is kinder knocked from my faith, and it's likely to tumble to pieces. I shouldn't like to have anything of that kind happen to me."

"Perhaps," suggested John, "you agree with Brother Kinch on the main point, and disagree only about the proper definition of terms."

"No, I'm afraid it's a good deal deeper than that," said Hiram, shaking his head, "a good deal deeper. But let me put it in this way: If I buy a horse of you, Brother Kinch, and give you my note for it, due in ninety days, you will naterally have some anxiety about your money. You keep your eyes on my business. I may be willin' enough to pay, but perhaps I can't. It ain't my willin'ness or unwillin'ness that bothers you, but my ability. If people tell you that I have plenty of shoes to mend, so many that I have to work by candle-light, then you feel reasonably sure of gettin' your money when the time comes. But if you come round to my cottage and see that work is slack, that I've thrown my lapstone on the floor and am readin' a newspaper or a book, then you look for'ard to the collection of that debt with fear and tremblin'. The payment of that money depends on contingencies which I can't control, and I shouldn't blame you if you was to shake your head and say, 'I don't

quite see how Hiram Golf is goin' to meet that obligation.' Ain't that so ?"

"Yes, it looks that way," and Kinch nodded his head. "That's precisely where the fear and tremblin' comes in."

"All right, and I hain't nothin' to say agin it, neighbour Kinch. But in the matter of salvation there ain't no Hiram Golf to deal with, but the Lord God himself. There ain't no contingencies with Him. No unforeseen accident ever happens in the region of the Throne. When He promises to do anythin', He's goin' to keep the promise, and if after He has give you the pledge and you have accepted it, if after that you go round with the feelin' that He can't meet His obligations, why, you don't understand who you're dealin' with, that's all. When God tells me that He'll do somethin' for me by-and-bye, it's jest as good as done, and I'm certain of it as though I had it right here in my hand."

"You can't be sure of nothin' till you get it," persisted Kinch. "It's a pretty loose sort of religion, to my mind, that makes a man say he's sure of goin' to heaven."

"And in my judgment," responded Hiram, "it's a pretty loose sort of religion which allows a man to feel any doubt about it after he has accepted Christ as his Saviour."

"Accordin' to you, Hiram," said Kinch, "when you once get converted you ought to believe the matter all closed up and sattled. That don't strike me as sense."

"It's not only sense, but revelation," cried Hiram, whose eyes began to flash. "When I have a distinct promise of God, I should consider myself worse than an infidel to stay awake a minute thinkin' about it. There it is, and that's the end of it. I've got it; it's mine. Neither principalities nor powers can rob me of it. Thieves can't steal it, and if the house catches fire and everythin' is burned up, I've got that promise."

"You are in a dangerous state of mind," said the farmer. "I wouldn't swap my belief for yours for the whole world to boot !"

"On the contrary, I'm in a very happy and contented frame of mind, for, surrounded as we all be with uncertainties, there are some things I'm perfectly sure of. I go round singin' all day. I shout 'Glory Hallelujah!' as I peg away at them shoes. I feel as though I had suddenly fallen heir to a big estate. I can't help tellin' about my good fortune to every one who comes into my little shop, and I can't help sayin' that there's plenty more left, and he can have all he wants and be as happy as I am. I wish all the world had it, I wish everybody here in Woodbine had it, I wish you had it yourself, Brother Kinch, for then we'd send up a great chorus of praise every mornin'."

"Hm! Yes," broke in Cynthia. "But, Hiram, you seem to know a good deal more about these things than St. Paul did. When a man knows as much as that, I feel a little skittish about follerin' him. It's a safe rule not to holler till you're out of the woods, and you don't get out of the woods into the clearin' till you die."

Hiram gave a glance at John Jessig. The little company was thoroughly roused, and the minister especially seemed to enjoy the situation immensely."

"Ain't I takin' up too much time ?" asked Hiram, but John nodded, and the shoemaker went on :

"The question ain't whether I know more'n St. Paul did. I don't want you to think I'm settin' myself before the Scripters. I love the Bible, and have read every word of it a great many times. No, the question ain't whether I know

more'n the Apostle did, but whether I've caught his meanin'. It's very unfort'nate when we get a wrong meanin' out of the text, and build a doctrine on it."

"Then," said Kinch, "do you mean that after all you do fear and tremble about your salvation?"

"Yes, jest that. I spend every day in fear and tremblin', but—"

"Precisely," broke in Cynthia, with an air of argumentative triumph. "Then you and we agree."

"Not quite, I think," answered Hiram solemnly.

"What do you fear, Brother Hiram, and at what do you tremble?" asked John.

"Parson, I'm not afraid that God won't keep His promise, and I'm not afraid that He can't keep it, and I'm not afraid that I haven't got it all safe in my heart. I want to make that plain as possible. But I do fear that I can't be grateful enough for what God has given me, and I do tremble because He is so wonderful generous that He is tryin' to pour a whole gallon of salvation into my poor little teacup of a soul. I'm afraid I can't hold it all. Just think of it! He will blot out all my sins, and accept Christ's sacrifice in my behalf! He will give me a new body when this one is worn out—and it's pretty nigh that nowadays. He will take me to a House where there won't be no more want, no more sorrer, and no more grief! He holds me up when I sink under the heavy burden, and by-and-bye He will brush death aside, give me a share in the general resurrection, and allow me to live with Him forever and forever.

"I call Him 'my Father,' but the word don't begin to explain my feelin's. It's all beyond me; more, infinitely more, than I deserve. Can I help singin' at such a prospect? Shall I go about sighin' and groanin' under them circumstances? I tell you parson, I can't do it, I can't do it. The thing that frightens me, and it is the only thing, is that, do my best, I shall still be only a little chiny cup to hold a whole ocean of heaven."

At nine o'clock the meeting broke up.

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## AS THOU DOST CHOOSE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Though I weary of earth and would fain be at Home,
Yet not, oh, not ere Thou bid me come
Would I enter, dear Lord, to my endless rest—
For certain am I that Thy time is the best.

Let the road that I traverse be rough and obscure,
I can still, by Thy grace, to the end endure—
Since I know Thou hast chosen the wisest way
To heaven's smooth pathways and glorious day.

Then, although I am weary and longing for Home,
Keep me patient, dear Lord, till Thy call shall come,
Until, sooner or later, as seems Thee best,
I pass to the realm of perpetual rest.

TORONTO.

# THE FIRST METHODIST PREACHER IN CANADA.

BY E. S. ORR.

Quebec, the Gibraltar of America, had been founded nearly a century and three quarters, and the American Revolutionary War was drawing to a close, when in 1780, the 44th Regiment was sent to Quebec. A Methodist local preacher was a commissary of the regiment. His name, like that of many another good man, was John, John Tuffie, or Tuffy. Playter, in his History of Methodism, quotes Meacham's History of Methodism, printed by Wilson, in Holland, 1832, as authority for this fact.

Writing of Tuffie, Playter says: "Seeing and lamenting the state of the wicked soldiery, and the Protestant emigrants in Quebec, he commenced preaching soon after his arrival, and continued to do so at suitable opportunities while he remained. In 1783, the regiment was disbanded, some of its members remaining in Canada. It is likely that from some of these soldiers are descended the Allans, Browns, Moores, McKenzies, and other families with English names, but entirely ignorant of the English language, which are found in rural districts near Quebec. Among those who returned home was Mr. Tuffie.

Turning over the leaves of the American Magazine for 1796, I came across a memoir of this good man, published in April of that year, which contains some facts and incidents perhaps worthy of a place in the Methodist Magazine and Review for 1896. The writer of the memoir is James Anderson, who commenced his itinerant ministry at Ayr, in Scotland, in 1789, though neither the station nor the name appears in the Minutes of that year. In the following year Mr. Anderson is stationed at Inverness, with three other preachers. As they were all active, they must have travelled over a large extent of country. In 1812, as appears by Miles' Chronological History, Mr. Anderson was still in the work. Mr. Tuffie was at Ayr with his regiment in 1789.

Anderson says: "Here I had frequent opportunities of observing his exemplary piety and uniform Christian behaviour, both in public and private, which evinced him to be a man truly devoted to God." He often officiated as class-leader; a divine unction accompanied his affectionate exhortation to the people, and his prayer-meeting exercises were fervent and helpful. Accustomed to the forms of the Church of England, he was unused to partaking of the Lord's Supper in any other way than kneeling, but his good sense led him to comply with Scottish form and to partake gladly with them. It does not appear from the narrative who presided on these sacramental occasions. Although Duncan McAllum, John Barber, and Joseph Coverley, three ordained ministers, were in Scotland in 1789, they may not have included Ayr in their rounds, and it seems likely that the Presbyterian minister of that place was large-hearted enough to admit Methodists to the communion.

The Ayr Methodist Chapel had been a large stable, and was not an attractive place of worship, but it often proved to Tuffie and others to be the house of God indeed. Mr. Anderson says that during Tuffie's residence in America, he frequently officiated as chaplain to

the regiment, and preached to the soldiers, for which he was well qualified. Some of the soldiers he had reason to believe were brought to know themselves, and the way of salvation by Christ. Many and great dangers and difficulties he had to encounter while with the army in America. On one occasion, while suffering from extreme thirst, he thankfully drank a little muddy water which he found in the footsteps of a horse. When a battle was in progress in a wood, he stepped behind a tree to rest and escape for a little the bullets flying thick on every side. But the suggestion came to his mind, "God can preserve you in the open field as well as here." He instantly left the place, and had no sooner done so than a ball lodged in the very part of the tree where he had stood. "Here," said he, "I could not but see the hand of Providence, for had I stayed one minute longer in that place, I must, in all probability, have been a dead man."

The ship which carried him back to England encountered a severe storm, and the first ticket he received in England on his return had printed on it, "Having received help of God, I continue unto this day." In the summer of 1794, he embarked, with his youngest son, a lieutenant, with the regiment, for Holland, leaving behind his wife and the rest of the family. Some months after he landed on the Continent, he died after a few days' sickness at Arnheim, in the province of Guelderland, in Holland, where he was buried with military honours, and attended to the grave by his son. His eldest son, likewise a lieutenant, died in England, and his wife survived but a few days after receiving the news of her husband's death.

Mr. Anderson says: "From several officers who served in the same brigade with Mr. Tuffie, I received information of his death, and I doubt not, if I could have obtained a more circumstantial account, it would have informed me, that as he had lived a life of devotedness to God, so he died, full of faith and love, rejoicing in the hope of a blessed immortality."

These short and simple annals give about all that is known of the man who, acting under a commission from John Wesley, had the honour to be the first Methodist preacher in Canada. A hundred and thirteen years have passed since he left Quebec, and exactly a century since his memoir first appeared in print. It was in 1806, twenty-three years later, that Nathan Bangs was stationed at Quebec. He does not appear to have found any who had known Tuffie. Many able and honoured ministers have succeeded him, but Methodism as well as other forms of Protestantism have a difficult field in the ancient city, and the outlook at this present writing is not very hopeful. Nevertheless, Quebec is included in the great commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." May the present pastor and his faithful flock be cheered by the divine declaration, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Cookshire, Quebec.

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The clouds which wrap us round
Not only hide the light, but come between
Ourselves and danger. Let us then be still
And watch and listen. Soon the voice which bid
The darkness fall will sweetly reach our ears;
The hand which drew its heavy folds so close
Will loosen them and gently lead us out
To light forever.

—*Amy Parkinson.*

# THE MATINS OF THE ANCIENT ETHIOPIC CHURCH.

BY WALTER M. PATTON, B.D.

As I am not aware of an existing English translation of these Morning Prayers, I have thought that to give one would open to us a view of the devotional life of an interesting section of the Christian Church, whose corrupt successor still exists in Abyssinia to-day. The age when these prayers were composed is not easily settled, but Dillmann declares them "to be elegantly composed and of a worthy antiquity." They are found in an Ethiopic work bearing the title "The Testament of Our Lord Jesus Christ," and are therein denominated "The Testament of the Morning." Manuscripts containing them are not rare. Dillmann, for the text given by him, employed three codices which are found in the British Museum, and there are several others elsewhere.

The following is the translation :

O Holy God ! O Holy Almighty ! O Holy Living One, who dost not die, who wast begotten of Mary, [even] from the holy Virgin ! Have mercy upon us, O Lord.

O Holy God ! O Holy Almighty ! O Holy Living One, who dost not die, who wast baptized in the Jordan, and wast crucified upon the tree of the Cross ! Have mercy upon us, O Lord.

O Holy God ! O Holy Almighty ! O Holy Living One, who dost not die, who wast raised from the dead on the third day ! He ascended in glory into Heaven, and sat down at the right hand of his Father. Again, he shall come in glory ; he shall judge the living and the dead. Have mercy upon us, O Lord.

Glory be to the Father ; glory be to the Son ; glory be to the Holy Spirit, now, henceforth and for evermore. Amen and amen ! So let it be ! so let it be !

O Holy, triune God, Living One, have mercy upon us !

*The priest shall say :* Glory be to God !

*The people shall say :* It is just and worthy.

*The priest shall say :* To thee, O Lord, the Maker of all ; to him who is not seen, God, we spread out the wings of our souls and bring the adoration of the early dawn. We give glory to thee, O Lord, the Wisdom of all, the Mighty One abundant in compassion, God, the author of the soul, Word who before the world wast begotten from the Father, who is seated without peer among his saints. Thee [we glorify], who art glorified by the praises which do not keep silence, and by the host of the archangels. Thee, who wast not created by hands, Creator of the mysteries which are not seen, Pure and Holy One, Revealer who hast made known to us the wisdom of thy holy mysteries, and hast promised a light for us which will not become extinguished.—We bring glory and praise, and we thy servants express pure holiness ; let the people also glorify thee.

*The people shall say :* Thee we glorify, O Lord !

*The priest shall say :* God of Light, Begetter of life, Source of knowledge, Giver of grace who art full of grace, Creator of the soul, Bestower, Granter of the Holy Spirit, Treasury of Wisdom, Helper of the teacher of the saints, and Foundation of the world, who dost lend an ear to the prayers of the pure ! Thee we glorify, Only-begotten Son, Chief, Firstborn, Word of the Father ; Thee, who to us all who call upon thee hast given thy grace, Pure Father without spot, in whom is a possession where moth and worm do not destroy. [We glorify] thee who art in all the thinking of those that trust in thee. Thou dost grant to the angels those things which they desire. They behold him who was before the world Light. [We glorify thee] our Guardian, who art not destroyed ; thou, by the good pleasure of thy Father, hast made light for us the thick darkness which was in us. Thee, who hast brought us forth from the depth into the light, and hast given us life from the dead, and granted us liberation from our slavery by the Cross ; Thou, also, hast brought us near where thy Father is in the height of heaven. Thou hast shown us the way in the Gospel, and by the prophets thou hast comforted us. To thee, our God, we will utter praises forever with a praise which shall not be silent : We thy servants say [it], and let the people praise thee.

*The people shall say :* Thee we praise, O Lord !

*The priest shall say :* We pronounce threefold to thee this adoration from our mouths, who together with thy kingdom art eternal, Jesus, Son of God, who art above all with the Father. All creatures glorify thee with trembling and with fear of soul. Whom every soul fears. All the souls of the righteous by Thee, also, are defended. Who stillest from us the billows of the floods of the [evil] spirits. Who art for us a Haven of life from perdition, who also art for us a Refuge in whom there is hope of eternal salvation. Those who are troubled on the sea thou dost make safe, and those who are in the desert, by grace thou dost make whole, who art with those, also, who are in hard chains. Him [we glorify] who released us from the bonds of death, who comforts the

poor and the needy, and those who are heavy-laden, by the cross he maketh free. He fully turneth aside and taketh away wrath from us who trust in him. Thee, whom prophets and apostles in secret praised, Thee, we praise, O Lord, and we glorify thee, seeing that by thee we dwell quietly in the habitation of life, while we do thy will. Grant us that we may walk in thy commandment. In thy mercy also, O Lord, behold us all, small and great, ruler and people, pastor and his flock, because thine is the kingdom. Blessed be the Lord our God!

Glory be to the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit, before the world, now and without end, even to all generations; who dost not fail to all ages. Amen.

*The priest shall say:* The grace of our Lord be with you.

*The people shall say:* [and] with thy spirit.

*The priest shall say:* We give glory to our God.

*The people shall say:* It is just and worthy.

*The priest shall say:* Establish the thought of your hearts.

*The people shall say:* In us [the thought of our heart establish thou] toward God. Our Father who art in Heaven, our Father who art in Heaven, our Father who art in Heaven, lead us not, O Lord, into temptation.

*The priest shall say:* O God, the Father, Giver of light, who art for all mighty, a Provider, also, for every soul. Light who wast before the world! Sealer of the Guide of life, and Bestower of bounties, who dost not perish. Who hast brought us forth from the offence of darkness, and hast given us the light which is undiscovered. Who hast released those who believe in thee from bonds. Thou hast crowned us with faith. Him [we glorify] who doth not remove from his servants, who is always with them, who is not deaf to the soul which in fear and trembling makes request of him. He fully knows its thought beforehand, even beforehand he searches its thought, who, also, without our asking him, grants us our desire. Who freely hears us who without hypocrisy call upon him. Light, who is not explained, King of the hosts of Heaven, Hearer of the adoration of the song of the archangels, who dwelleth over them. Hear us, we beseech thee, O Lord. Grant us through faith a voice, which will not be silent. We glorify thee, we praise thee; we, also, bless thee, and, seeing that we find our defence in thee, we thy servants give thee praise, O Lord.

*The people shall say:* Thee we glorify, O Lord.

*The priest shall say:* O Lord Jesus Christ, hear us. O Holy One, be thou for the dumb a Voice, for the broken a Staff, for the blind a Light, for the lame a Way, and for the leprous a Cleanser. Thou, O Lord, dost cure those taken with sickness, for the deaf thou art a Healer. Death he has rebuked, and darkness he has vexed. Who created the light, the Sun which does not set, and the Luminary which goeth not out forever. He shines upon the saints, fully, also, he hath established the beauty of the world. By predeterminate good-pleasure he acts openly for all, he arises as the Redemption of men; the Restorer of the soul. Thou dost precede every thinking of that which is just. Creator of the angels, Father of all the beauty of the world, Author of the earth, Wisdom and Knowledge from the Father. Him who is from the beginning has been sent into the world; this Essence which cannot be destroyed, even a Spirit which cannot be explained, Revealer of that which is unseen. Glorious art thou and wonderful is thy Name, even because of this, we thy servants praise thee, O Lord.

*The people shall say:* Thee we praise, O Lord.

*The priest shall say:* We pronounce threefold this adoration to thee, who hast given us thy religion, which cannot be destroyed, and by it hast effected for us that we should triumph over the bonds of death. Who hast begotten right minds for those who believe in thee, in order that from [being] men they should become gods. Who hast granted us by the Spirit that we should tread down all the might of the enemy, in order that we should release that which has not been released. Love thou hast made for us there where thy Father is, so is he reconciled in the midst of us. Hear, O Lord, those who beseech thee; let us, O Lord, who beseech thee, not be inactive, but let us be in activity against the enemy. Hear, O Eternal King! Comfort the widows, sustain the orphans, cleanse by thy mercy the stained, make wise the simple, and restore the lost; those in prison set thou free, and be for all of us a Refuge, because thine, O Lord our God, is the kingdom, thou Blessed and True.

*The priest shall say:* The grace of God be with you.

*The people shall say:* [and] with thy spirit.

*The priest shall say:* Praise ye our God.

*The people shall say:* It is just and worthy.

*The priest shall say:* To thee [we give praise] the Father who doth not perish, Redeemer of our souls and Foundation of wisdom, Guardian of our hearts, thou hast illuminated our inward eye, and with thy knowledge hast crowned for us the darkness of our thought; the former man who was given over to destruction thou hast redeemed by the cross of thine Only-begotten, and hast renewed him by One who cannot be destroyed; him, who by sin was made vain, by thy commandment and by the death of thy Son thou hast ransomed, and hast sought out that which was cast away—Because of this, we thy servants glorify thee, O Lord.

*The people shall say:* Thee we glorify, O Lord.

*The priest shall say:* We praise thee, O Lord, whom continually the archangels glorify in the adoration of song, even thee,

O Lord, whom they, without keeping silent, glorify by praise, adoration and lauds in song; who hast sent forth thy Counsel, thy Word, thy Wisdom and thy Providence, who was with thee before the World, uncreated—the Word who was not made, who appeared in the flesh for the redemption of the human race, thy Son and thy Beloved, our Lord Jesus Christ, who brought us out from the yoke of sin—Because of this we thy servants praise thee, O Lord.

*The people shall say:* Thee we praise, O Lord.

*The priest shall say:* Thee [we glorify], to whom from our heart we pronounce threefold praise, O Giver of life; O Lord, Provider for the souls of the humble. The oppressed spirit he does not forsake, who sustaineth them, for those who are in exile a Helper, and for those who are vexed in the deep a Saviour. Him who has concern for the famishing, and avenges the wronged, the Friend of believers, the Advocate of the righteous, and the Habitation of the pure; a Hearer, also, of those who in righteous ness call upon him, a Protector of the widow, and an Avenger of the orphans; who givest the right leader to the Church, who hast established her as a dwelling-place, the glory of the faith, the communion of the spirit, the gift of grace and strength—while we praise thee with our hearts continually, and do not cease, we set forth thus a figure of thy kingdom. For thine own sake, and for the sake of thy Beloved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom to thee be glory and dominion throughout all ages. Amen.

In reading the foregoing translation there will be remarked several indications of likeness to the spirit of the Alexandrian Church. Indeed, the latter Church has always been a recognized patron of Christianity in Abyssinia. The general tone of humble adoration, the mysticism, the orthodoxy in doctrine, the prevailing atmosphere of Scriptural allusion without any direct quotation, and the multiplication of ascriptive epithets in addressing the Deity are all suggestive of Alexandrian influence. There is little doubt that the Ethiopic Church has imitated here the manner of the great Metropolitan city of North Africa, but has done so because it in spirit was kindred, and the borrowed influence was, therefore, adapted to its character.

The elements of direct confession and penitence are entirely wanting, and the thought is directed almost altogether to grateful recitals of the favour which Deity has shewn and is shewing to mankind and to the Church. The resemblance to the well-known Christian formularies of the early Church is a striking feature. The definiteness of the Trinitarian expressions leaves no doubt as to the harmony of the early Ethiopic Church with the so-called Catholic faith on this point. The doctrine of the Eternal Generation of the Son is also placed beyond doubt. In the opening of the service, there is an allusion to the Virgin, which accords with the undue reverence given her in the Ethiopic liturgical literature generally. In two places there is a confession of belief in God as the author or creator of the soul which might suggest an approach to a Manichæan form of dogma, the soul being from heaven and pure, while the flesh is sinful.

The words, "the hosts of the archangels," utter a view not consonant with received opinions as to the limited number of these lofty beings; but find a ground in the scriptural passage, Eph. iii. 10, where reference is made to the "principalities and powers in heavenly places." "Creator of the mysteries which are not seen" is, I think, to be understood of the creation of the spiritual world.

It will be remarked that a peculiar view of knowledge as a means of personal salvation, found in germ in the expression of our Lord, "I am the Light of the world," and expanded in many places of the Scripture, is here common. The knowledge is mystical—of that there can be no doubt—and corresponds to what we designate Christian experience. Special aid to the ministry of the Church is recognized by the term, "Helper of the teacher of the saints." An interesting exposition of a passage from the Gospels occurs where the possession incorruptible by either moth or worm is said to be "in the Father." Belief in the agency of evil spirits is expressed. "Thee whom apostles and prophets in secret praised" is suggested, we should say, by 1 Peter i. 10, 11, and it is meant that these apostles and prophets "glorified the Deity" by their utterances, but without consciousness of their full import. Familiar forms of doxology and of benediction and response, as will be seen, occur throughout. The triplicating of the adoration and of the address in the Lord's Prayer bear reference to the Trinity in the Godhead.

The curious expression "Sealer of the Guide of life," perhaps, has some connection with John vi. 27, or better, with an epistle which is largely used in the composition of this service, viz., that to the Ephesians (i. 13).

The necessity of human agency in order to salvation is asserted in due harmony with the assertion of the pre-eminent

efficiency which comes from God. Towards the close of the service occurs a doctrine of redemption which is sometimes forgotten "him (man) who by sin was made vain, *by Thy commandment and* by the death of Thy Son Thou hast redeemed,"—a doctrine quite in harmony with the Scripture. "Thy Counsel, Thy Word, Thy Wisdom and Thy Providence" are Alexandrian terms relating to the Son of God. The divine calling of the ministry is set forth, unequivocally, a few lines from the conclusion, and thereon follows immediately a description of the nature and gifts of the Church—a dwelling-place established by God, the home of the glorious faith of Christ, a communion of spirits, and a means of grace and strength.

A beautiful composition this is, though suffering in its English form by reason of a desire to render as literally as possible the words of the original. Notwithstanding this, it is hoped that the tenderness and devotion of the prayers will still be felt by those who read them.

Leiden, Holland.

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## THE GREAT SALVATION.

BY THE REV. JOHN DUNN DINNICK.

"So great salvation."—Heb. ii. 1-4."

The subject matter of the message embodied in the first four verses of Hebrews, second chapter, and maintained throughout the whole epistle, is salvation—salvation full, free, and present. The Holy Spirit urges our study as well as our acceptance of this salvation of Jehovah. He claims for it its proper development in us, and through us, by entreaty and warning, particularly pointing out the consequences of its neglect.

We shall more readily get at the import of the message by the study of the prominent words it contains, as we trace them out in their application throughout the epistle. Some texts of Scripture demand this treatment more particularly than do others, and a study of separate words in their root relation is always one which rewards a student of Scripture.

### A GREAT SALVATION.

Salvation from *salvo*, to save : *salvatum*, the act of saving, etc. ; but, as used here, has a very comprehensive application, a word which we so often limit in its significance because of our environment of thought.

When the miraculous birth of our Lord was proclaimed, His matchless name was announced, JESUS ! which signifies, "*Jehovah the Saviour*," or, "*The Salvation of Jehovah.*" Hence, a far wider meaning attaches to this word *Salvation* than is generally conceded. It means more than deliverance, or conversion to God. It includes all that is initiatory, all that is acquired, all that can be conceived in applied Christianity, all that can be included within the whole range of Christian ethics. It embraces all that is comprehended in being entirely sanctified to God in spirit, soul and body, walking in the light as He is in the light, the continuous unfoldings of the divine nature in us, the expansion and growth of our intellectual capacities in grasping the truth, the being "filled with the Spirit," that we may see the divine ideal in the revelation of the God-man ; Jesus as Lord. It includes every promise in the Word of God, every declaration of the Holy Ghost for holiness in this life, as well as in the life to come, including all the *means* provided for our divine possessions, all commandments, all possibilities of grace, for all time, in all circumstances ; in fact, it includes the whole realm of revelation and applies to time and eternity.

This is a wide range, and an extended application of a word in common religious use ; but not wider than the whole scope of Scripture gives to it, or than is given to it by the Holy Spirit in the epistle to the Hebrews.

The term Salvation, however, as set forth in this particular passage of Scripture is also figuratively used by the apostle ; that is in putting the effect for the cause, and signifies here "The *means* of Salvation."

That this is the primary meaning is evident from the preceding words in verse 1, "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things," or words, "which we have heard. . . For if the word spoken by angels was steadfast, and every transgression of disobedience

received a just recompense of reward; how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" (or so great a word), "which at first began to be *spoken* in the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard," and this word was witnessed to by the Holy Ghost in divers miracles, in signs and wonders.

By Salvation, then, is meant the Word spoken unto us in the Son of God—*The Logos.* A Divine Person, revealing Himself by the Holy Ghost through the Scriptures in the word heard, the word which contains, the word which explains, the word which conveys and unfolds to us the infinitude of His wonderful salvation in all its transcendent excellencies. It is a greater word than spoken in the prophets. It is the word of Him whose "Name is called the Word of God," furnishing the material with which we work out our own salvation, material for thought, mind-food, by which a holy character is made, and built for eternity. Thus the Holy Ghost does not separate the end from the means; but presses our acceptance, and our understanding of the word spoken in the Son in order that we may comprehend the other—"So Great Salvation."

So we perceive that whatever we may have possessed, or do now possess, of "the divine nature" in our high calling, this salvation of Jehovah is a continuous subject of profound study, something for which we are to still continue to reach out the hand of faith, to possess in its "exceeding great and precious promises," to perceive its prophecies, to grasp its truths; that by our enlightened understanding, its mysteries, hitherto hid from us, may now by *progressive holiness* be unfolded to us, that we continue seeing and grasping what we never credited as possible in this unlimited salvation, so varied, so rich, and so great!

But why is this "word spoken" designated "so great salvation"? Because it is the revelation of the greatest fact in the universe, "The Salvation of Jehovah"—The revelation of the Son of God—*The Logos.* The Word made flesh and dwelling among us, discovering Himself to us in grace, and truth, as a Saviour and *a Great One.* "God manifest in the flesh," and also manifested in those who obey Him, as an abiding personal God, and we in Him.

"So great." Because of the infinite blessings it secures to those who will search out its truth. It affords not only a perfect pardon for all our sins on our turning from them unto God through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; but also a perfect *cleansing* from all unrighteousness in the purification of our hearts from all sin, called "inborn sin," "the old Adam," "the old man," "the body of the sins of the flesh," that is sin as a *unit* the root from which all sinful acts grow.

"So great." Because it lays us as believers under eternal obligation to the Son of God to ask of Him that we receive His promised gift, which gift is the Holy Ghost, Himself possessing us, and imparting our *personal* Pentecost, when, "he that is feeble among you in *that day* shall be as David; and the house of David shall be as God, as the angel of the Lord before them;" then the human intellect with its acquired cultivation and learning shall no longer, because void of Him, be as a dry stick, a thing of feebleness, to grapple with the perishing masses in sin and misery; but under this soul-vivifying force shall become as the voice of God to mankind, uttering His Holy word in living flames of fire, as a two-edged sword, being "full of the Holy Ghost," flashing holy truth into the souls of men. Void of this greatest gift our best is failure; but possessing it, "mighty through God." Truly, "not by might, nor by power, *i. e.*, not by His omnipotence or almightiness, these He reserves to Himself, they are not placed at our disposal—thank God; nor by the might of human intellect; "but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts," and this blessed, promised Paraclete is graciously placed at our request in "so great salvation," and holds us under this abiding moral obligation to Him to ask and to receive of "My Spirit" for "He baptizeth with the Holy Ghost." O wonderful salvation! O promised and needed baptism of the Holy Ghost and Fire!

"So great," because of the influence it exerts upon the universe. Redeemed men indwelt by the Holy Ghost cause angels in heaven to wonder with intense joy; while devils dread and hate those who thus "take heed" to the word spoken in the Son of God; but men "behold and glorify our Father who is in heaven."

A sinner saved by grace, and "cleansed from all sin," and "full of the Holy Ghost," is the greatest marvel in God's universe. This places him in touch with Deity, gives him power to pray, so that "he moves the arm that moves the world." Marvellous privilege! O let us avail ourselves of this gift; that we be enabled to properly pray, and be "God's remembrancers, which shall never hold their peace day nor night."

Toronto.

## A NEW POEM BY SWINBURNE.

Miss Jeannette L. Gilder thus outlines the latest poem of this distinguished writer :

"The Tale of Balen" is founded on the Arthurian legend, and Balen himself was one of the Knights of the Round Table. When the poem opens he is on his way to meet King Arthur. He was a brave knight.

Sir Balen of Northumberland
Gat grace before the king to stand
High as his heart was, and his hand
Wrought honour towards the strange north strand
That sent him south so goodly a knight.
And envy, sick with sense of sin,
Began as poisonous herbs begin
To work in base men's blood, akin
To men's of nobler might.

One of the most envious knights, King Arthur's kinsman

Faint in deed
And loud in word that knew not heed,
Spake shame where shame was nought.

He said more than the Northumberland knight could bear, and

Swift from his place leapt Balen, smote
The liar across his face, and wrote
His wrath in blood upon the bloat
Brute cheek that challenged shame for note
How vile a king-born knave might be.
Forth sprang their swords, and Balen slew
The knave ere well one witness knew
Of all that round them stood or drew
What sight was there to see.

Then spake the great king's wrathful will
A doom for six dark months to fill
Wherein close prison held him, still
And steadfast-souled for good or ill.
But when those weary days lay dead
His lordliest knights and barons spake
Before the king for Balen's sake
Good speech and wise, of force to break
The bonds that bowed his head.

While Balen was languishing in his cell

A maiden clad with grief and shame
And anguish burning her like flame
That feeds on flowers in bloom

came before King Arthur to seek his aid or that of his knights. She was in a sad plight.

Beneath a royal mantle, fair
With goodly work of lustrous vair,
Girt fast against her side she bare
A sword whose weight bade all men there
Quail to behold her face again.
Save of a passing perfect knight
Not great alone in force and fight
It might not be for any might
Drawn forth, and end her pain.

At once King Arthur seized the sword and pulled with all his royal might, but it would not move. Then his knights—Launcelot, Lamoracke, Gawain, Sir Kay and the rest—tried their strength, but to no purpose.

Then wept for woe the damsel bound
With iron and with anguish round
That none to help her grief was found
Or loose the inextricably inwound
Grim curse that girt her life with grief
And made a burden of her breath,
Harsh as the bitterness of death.

There was only one more knight to show his prowess, and he was Balen, the prisoner, languishing in his cell, and he was sent for.

Strode Balen in his poor array
Forth, and took heart of grace to pray
The damsel suffer even him to assay
His power to set her free.

The maiden turned her head scornfully away. When all those mighty ones failed, how could he avail ?

But he
With lordlier pride of courtesy,
Put forth his hand and set her free
From pain and humbled pride.

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## THE WATCHERS.

Oh ye whose unrewarded eyes
Forever watch the ocean's rim,
Your ships perchance 'neath friendlier skies
Rest far beyond your vision dim.

Perhaps in some sweet bay they wait,
Where bides the primal, perfect day ;
Where airs from springtime linger late
Or never perish quite away.

In some far-off, diviner land,
Where never garnered wealth grows old,
Safe harboured they may wait your hand,
To strike their sails and yield their gold.

—*Henrietta Christian Wright.*

# MODERN APOLOGETICS.

BY THE REV. CHANCELLOR BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.

Probably in no department of theology are the influences of modern thought more marked than in the field of apologetics. It is quite natural that this should be so, for apologetics to be worthy of their name must meet the intellectual difficulties of their age, and these in turn are shaped by the prevailing currents of thought. It is very evident that human thought today along every line is moulded by three things: 1st, the wonderful advance of physical science and the triumph of the inductive method; 2nd, the conception of the universal reign of law; and 3rd, the idea of evolution. To solve the difficulties which arise from these influences the "Analogy" of Butler and the "Natural Theology" of Paley are by no means useless. Both works are founded on fundamental principles of truth, and though capable of enlargement in scope and improvement in form, they can never become altogether obsolete. The same can by no means be said of Paley's "Evidences," and the host of works less perfect in literary form which are based on the same principles and methods.

The defect of these systems seems to lie in the following points: (1) They were not founded, and in the conditions of Biblical science then existing, they could not be founded on a careful and comprehensive inductive study of all the facts connected with the founding of supernatural religion. (2) In consequence of this they present a distorted and in many respects a false conception of the supernatural itself, both in religion and miracle, and of its relation to natural law. (3) They thus place supernatural religion in an antagonism to nature, which separates it from that great law of development which binds all the works of God in one. (4) They construct an argument which, if valid at all, would compel a bald intellectual faith rather than call out by spiritual power a deep moral and religious faith.

It is very evident that this mistake was not made by the New Testament founders of Christianity. They were Hebrews with whom moral conviction and religious faith created a conviction and a certainty not one whit less strong than that of intellectual demonstration. Says one of them, "Our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance." It is evident here that the intellectual demonstration, *logos*, though not excluded, is less strongly emphasized than moral power and religious faith. This could scarcely have been the case had the apostle regarded a miracle as an absolute demonstration of the divine authority of the teacher who wrought it. On the contrary, this same writer, in a second epistle to this church, warns them against "the lawless one" (immoral and irreligious) "whose coming is according to the working of Satan, with all power and signs and lying wonders," etc. In the one case, both the teaching and the miracle appeal to moral and religious faith, in the other they appeal to a spirit "which receives not the love of the truth," "but had pleasure in unrighteousness."

From this and other passages we may thus gather the nature of the true apologetic. It is an appeal to our religious faith, our conviction of truth in the heart, a receiving of the love of the truth. It is an appeal to our sense of right, the convictions of conscience and the moral understanding. It is at the same time a reasonable faith. The primary work of the supernatural, both in the power of the Divine Spirit within us and in His manifestation without, is to deepen the moral and religious conviction upon which all true religion is ultimately based. The lying wonders of Satan substitute a mere intellectual amazement, a superstitious delusion, for this spiritual faith. It is, we think, not too much to say that our modern apologetic is approaching this apostolic ideal, and that, in doing so, it is meeting the special needs of our age, and building upon a truer and more abiding foundation. The appeal which is thus made is one which is not weakened by the lapse of time. It is one which does not depend upon the miracle alone. The truth and the accompanying works unite in awakening the conscience. They both alike appeal to our sense of right and to our deepest faith in God. Here, too, we find a test of true, as distinguished from false, miracle. "By their fruits ye shall know them." And here, too, we find miracle taking its place in a law and order which is in harmony with our highest conception of the universe as the work of God.—*Acta Victoriana.*

# The World's Progress.

## International Arbitration.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of the friendly visits to the United States of such distinguished visitors as Lord Chief Justice Russell and the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. Their marked sympathy with the cause of international arbitration, and the fact that they so fully represent British sentiment on that subject, makes their visit of prime importance in promoting friendly relations between kindred people on both sides of the sea.

The magnificent address of Lord Russell before the American Bar Associa-

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE RUSSELL.

tion of the United States, at Saratoga, has struck a responsive chord throughout the entire Union. The great organs of public opinion, without a single exception so far as we have observed, are loud in its praise. Unquestionably the higher sentiment of both nations, as expressed by English and American statesmen and jurists, scholars and divines, is in favour of a "truce of God," and of a High Court of International Arbitration. Such a court would be a bulwark against the tide of ignorant prejudice or of pseudo-patriotism, which, like a tidal wave, might sweep the ship of state from its moorings, as was nearly the case last Christmas. It would give time and furnish the means for calmly considering all international questions, and for an appeal not to the passions of the hour, but to the eternal principles of righteousness and justice.

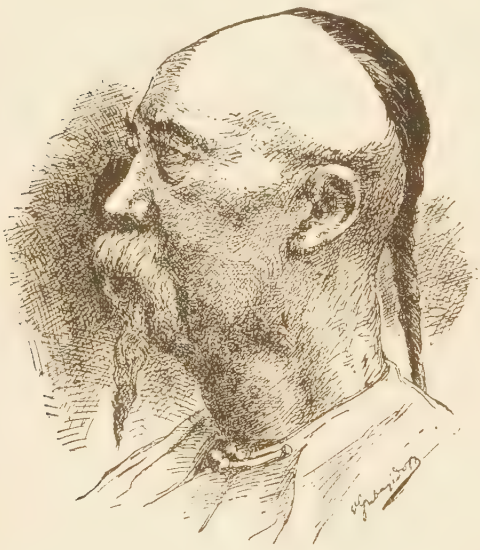
The following sentiments of Lord Russell strike the note of a higher Christian civilization :

"It would, indeed, be a reproach to our nineteen centuries of Christian civilization if there were now no better method for settling international differences than the cruel and debasing methods of war. May we not hope that the people of these States and the people of the motherland —kindred peoples—may, in this matter, set an example, of lasting influence, to the world. We boast of our advance, and often look back with pitying contempt on the ways and manners of generations gone by. Are we ourselves without reproach? Has our civilization borne the true marks? Must it not be said, as has been said of religion itself, that countless crimes have been committed in its name? Probably it was inevitable that the weaker races should in the end succumb, but have we always treated them with consideration and justice? Has not civilization too often been presented to them at the point of the bayonet and the Bible by the hand of the filibuster? And apart from races we deem barbarous, is not the passion for dominion and wealth and power accountable for the worst chapters of cruelty and oppression written in the world's history? Few peoples—perhaps none—are free from this reproach. What, indeed, is true civilization? By its fruits you shall know it. It is not dominion, wealth, material luxury; nay, not even a great literature and education widespread—good though these things be. Civilization is not a veneer; it must penetrate to the very heart and core of societies of men. Its true signs are thought for the poor and suffering, chivalrous regard and respect for woman, the frank recognition of human brotherhood, irrespective of race or colour or nation or religion, the love of ordered freedom, abhorrence of what is mean and cruel and vile, ceaseless devotion to the claims of justice. Civilization in that, its true, its highest sense, must make for peace. We have solid grounds for faith in the future. Government is becoming more and more, but in no narrow class

sense, government of the people, by the people and for the people. Populations are no longer moved and manœuvred as the arbitrary will or restless ambition or caprice of kings or potentates may dictate. And although democracy is subject to violent gusts of passion and prejudice, they are gusts only. The abiding sentiment of the masses is for peace—for peace to live industrious lives, and to be at rest with all mankind. With the prophet of old they feel—though the feeling may find no articulate utterance—'how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.'"

## Li Hung Chang.

The visit of Li Hung Chang and his suite to the chief centres of Western civilization cannot fail to give the veteran



LI HUNG CHANG.

statesman of the Orient more adequate conceptions of the vast material resources and progressive development of the Western nations. The rude shock of the Japanese Empire seems to have shaken China from its immemorial lethargy. That great empire represents a perfectly unique example of arrested development. Long before the Christian era, when the Saxon and Teuton were skin-clad savages, it had attained a remarkable degree of civilization, and its literature, science, and industrial methods were of considerable advancement. That civilization seems to have been ossified throughout all these centuries. But this enlightened statesman will doubtless introduce new ideas and give an opportunity for the introduction on a wide scale of those great factors of Western civilization, the railway, the telegraph and steam and electric machinery. China has hitherto been like a giant without bones; the railway system will supply these.

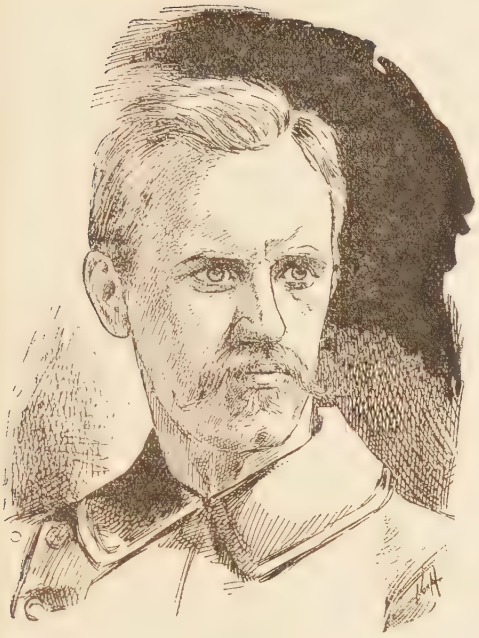
Li Hung Chang has shown himself in the past the friend of missions and the enemy of religious persecution and intolerance. It is not known generally that he was largely moved thereto by the influence of Miss Howard, a Canadian girl from Brockville, who became a medical missionary in China. When the wife of the great statesman was ill, nigh unto death, and beyond the reach of native medical aid, through the skill of Miss Howard the sick lady was restored to health. As a mark of gratitude Li Hung Chang bestowed large gifts on Miss Howard, and furnished facilities for the establishment of a medical missionary hospital, and has ever since shown hearty favour to medical missions.

The selection of the Canadian railway across the continent and of Canadian steamers across the Pacific, are a marked tribute to the superiority of our new highway to the Orient, and cannot fail to call more conspicuously the public attention to these advantages. The cities of Chicago and San Francisco naturally feel chagrin at this choice of route, but the cruel treatment of the Chinese by the United States furnishes an additional reason, which Li Hung Chang with characteristic frankness did not hesitate to affirm, for the selection of the Canadian route.

## Furthest North.

Polar exploration has had for the English-speaking race a strange fascination. The intrepid sailors, Hudson, Scoresby, Parry, Kane, Hall, Nares, and Greeley have pushed further and further northward. The point of highest human achievement in these latitudes is now reserved for the bold and enterprising Dr. Nansen, of Norway.

His steamer "*Fram*," meaning "Onward" or "Forward," was specially constructed to resist ice pressure, its sides and bottom being over a foot thick. He advanced about two hundred miles beyond any previous explorer and reached within two hundred and twenty-five miles of the North Pole. "In the spring of last



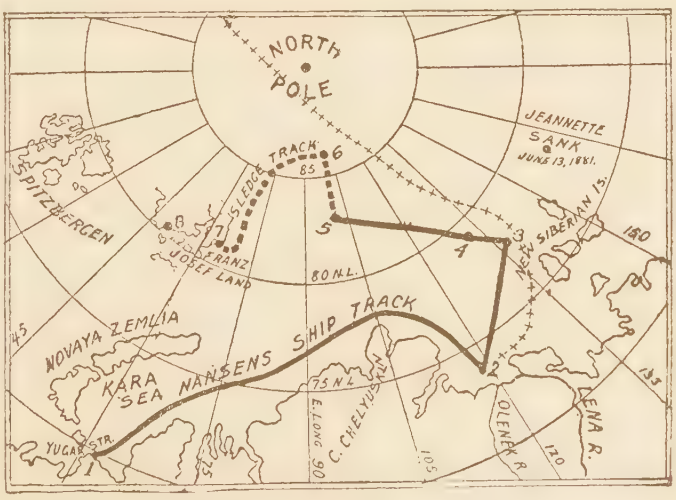
DR. NANSEN.

year," says *The Outlook*, "Dr. Nansen, with one companion, left the vessel in the ice and pushed forward with a sledge and canoe. He asserts that, had he been better provided with dogs and canoes, he could have easily reached the Pole. As it is, his highest point was 85 degrees 14 minutes — nearly 200 miles beyond Lockwood's "furthest north" in the Greeley expedition of 1882.

"The geographical results of Nansen's expedition include the discovery of several new islands, the tracing of a great extent of unexplored coast, and the finding of very deep soundings hitherto unsuspected. From his journey northward Dr. Nansen returned in the fall of 1895 to the northern coast of Franz Josef Land, where he remained all winter, suffering not a few hardships. In the spring he moved southward, and, unexpectedly and with great joy, came upon the party of Mr. F. G. Jackson, who has been making a thorough exploration of the western coast of Franz Josef Land, but was unable to make his proposed sledge-journey northward this summer on account of the unusual openness of the sea."

The meeting of the Norwegian and English explorers was a dramatic incident, like the meeting of Livingstone and Stanley in the heart of Africa. Their camps were within a short distance of each other, but it was only through the barking of a dog, which made known their proximity, and broke the utter loneliness of that arctic solitude, that they came together.

The *Fram* was nipped in ice over thirty feet thick, but was slowly lifted from its frozen bed without the slightest injury. Nansen with one companion determined to push on to the North Pole. To save weight, they left their fur suits on board the ship. The minimum temperature they encountered was forty-nine degrees below zero, their watches ran down through the cold, and their provisions were rapidly decreasing, most of the dogs were killed one after another to feed the rest, and they were obliged to turn back with their task but half accomplished.




THE ROUTE NANSEN EXPECTED TO TAKE +++++++
THE ROUTE HE DID TAKE ——————— - - - - -

### Labour Day.

The solidarity of labour throughout the world is becoming emphasized more and more. The Labour Congress in London and the sympathetic strikes in Great Britain and the continent of Europe are conspicuous examples. Of more pleasing augury is the universal celebration throughout this continent on September 7th, in recognition of which the Canadian Parliament adjourned, the busy wheels of toil for a time ceased to move, and the wage-working classes held high holiday. Labour was honoured by allegorical processions, and statesmen, divines and labour leaders came upon one common platform, and embraced the opportunity to discuss the labour problem in the presence of vast multitudes of the working people. The sentiments expressed at the Toronto meeting by the Rev. Mr. Chown, J. Ross Robertson, M.P., Premier Hardy, and others, are a pledge of an earnest effort to bring about a better understanding between capital and labour. These words of Mr. Robertson will commend themselves to every right-thinking Canadian:

"For centuries labour wore the badge of servility. To-day civilization crowns it with the laurels of highest nobility, and to-morrow labour will wrest from civilization an ever-growing share of the wealth and comfort which it creates. We can all, as fellow-countrymen, rejoice on this, the national holiday of labour. We remember with pride that we live in a land where honesty is the mark of worth, a land which recognizes no class privileges, but offers all the prizes in its gift to ability, whether it come from the cottage of the ploughman, the home of the mechanic or the mansion of the millionaire."

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## "AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

(Zech. xiv. 7.)

BY MRS. E. S. SPENCE.*

Light at the evening time!
I cannot see
Aught save the dreary waste of by-gone years;
Hopes that are dead,
Joys that have fled,
Each in the vista of the past appears.

Light at the evening time!
My eyes are dim
With weeping o'er the memories of the past;
And graves now stand
On either hand,
Where erstwhile Hope her golden radiance cast.

Light at the evening time!
I hear a sound
Like the faint echo of some sweet refrain
Heard in the past,
Ere the fierce blast
Of disappointment filled my life with pain.

Light at the evening time!
I list again;
A pulse of hope throbs in my troubled breast;
For soft and low,
These accents flow—
"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

Light at the evening time!
I lift my eyes,
A ray of hope gleams on my darkened sight;
And now I hear,
In accents clear,
"He that followeth me, walketh in light."

Light at the evening time!
I see it now;
My way was dark, for I had lost my guide;
And in the gloom,
Around the tomb,
Perceived not He was standing by my side.

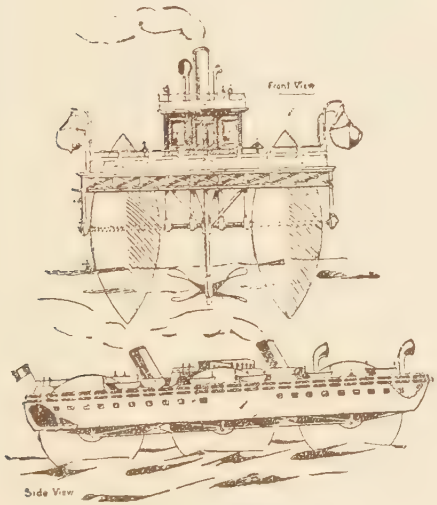
Light at the evening time!
I grasp His hand,
And life and strength are given as He holds mine;
Hope sweetly sings,
Peace folds her wings,
And evening time is bright with light divine.

* This beautiful poem was written by Mrs. Spence shortly before her death, and expresses the ripened piety of a venerable saint of God. The writer was the widow of the late Jacob Spence, so long and well-known as an earnest advocate of Temperance and every moral reform. She was also the mother of Alderman F. S. Spence, Secretary of the Dominion Alliance, and Revs. B. H. Spence and J. M. A. Spence, of Manitoba Conference.

# Recent Science.

## Bazin's "Rolling Steamboat."

Last month, at the St. Denis dockyards, at Paris, France, a steamboat was launched which is attracting the attention of ship builders throughout the world. It was invented by M. Ernest Bazin, a noted French marine engineer. It is called the "rolling" or disc-wheel steamboat, and differs radically from all other steamboats, for it does not slide through the water, but rolls by means of




SECTION AND PROFILE OF BAZIN'S "ROLLING STEAMBOAT."

drum-like wheels or discs on top of it, just as a waggon rolls over the ground.

The framework of the boat consists of six hollow disc-shaped wheels, three on each side of the hull of the boat. Between these, and upon their axles, is placed the box-shaped hull of the ship, which, in position, corresponds to the bed of a waggon. This platform contains the boilers and machinery, the cargo and the state-rooms. Its lower surface is about twenty feet above the water level, and its upper surface (the deck) about forty feet, above the water level. On the deck are cabins, smoke-stacks, etc. This box-like platform of the hull affords an immense capacity for storage of coal and merchandise.

The boat is moved forward by screw propellers, fastened under the hull and between the wheels. The wheels themselves are rotated in exact proportion to the rapidity of the vessel's motion, not for the purpose of furnishing speed, but only to make them roll over the waves, instead of ploughing through them, thus preventing their retarding the motion by the resistance which they would offer to the water, were they stationary.

The chief advantage claimed for this boat is greater speed with much less coal consumption. The boat does not have to cut its way through the water, hence the resistance of the water is lessened greatly. As the wheels are double convex, they offer a sharp edge, and, hence, less resisting surface to the wind than if they were drum-shaped. By thus minimizing the resistance, a speed of thirty-five knots per hour may be obtained, and this, while using only thirty-three and a third per cent. as much coal as is required for a steamer of the same size.

The second great advantage claimed for the "rolling boat" is the practical impossibility of its sinking. The wheels, being hollow, answer the same purpose as the air compartments of ocean steamers, and if two, or even three, should be injured in a collision, the others would keep the vessel afloat. Moreover, it will be impossible for one of the wheels to become filled with water, for as soon as the water enters the wheel to a certain height, it will turn the orifice toward the top and thus bring it into a position where it can be repaired.

M. Bazin also claims that in rough weather there will be very little "pitching" and very little "rolling" of the boat, and that passengers will feel the movement of the vessel only slightly.

It is proposed to steer such boats by means of a column of water forced out of the stern at one side or the other, by a pump; this not only does away with the resistance of the rudder, but furnishes additional propelling force.

Should this ship prove successful on trial, M. Bazin expects to build a trans-atlantic vessel, with eight disc-wheels, making a speed of probably fifty knots (about sixty miles) an hour.

### Chemistry's Aid to Pharmacy.

"Chemistry has done more to relieve the medical art of the opprobrium of nauseous dosage than any other and all influences combined," says the Buffalo *Medical Journal*. "It extracts juices, alkaloids, and other concentrated principles from crude mineral and vegetable sources, and serves them up to us in minute doses that are both potent and agreeable. Synthetic chemistry, too, is a marvel of scientific accomplishment, and is destined to become as useful as it is curious. It not only produces many useful drugs of the antipyretic and hypnotic series from coal-tar, but it has lately turned its attention to the production of artificial musk from the same source. Though this is not chemically the same as real musk, its scent is undistinguishable from the latter, and it threatens to drive the real article out of the market. One of the greatest commercial triumphs in the way of an artificial flavouring is vanallin. This product is keeping down the price of vanilla beans, and it is likely, too, to drive the latter out of the market. Chemists know how to counterfeit lactic acid, and they make an artificial citric acid which cannot be detected from the sour of the lemon. It is hardly possible to determine what may be the ultimate results of these counterfeiting processes, but they are somewhat startling to contemplate, and furnish a subject of serious thought."

### Disease Detected by X-rays

In the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Professor Norton has been able, with the aid of X-rays, to make a diagnosis in cases of tuberculosis of the lungs, pneumonia, enlarged heart and enlarged spleen. The lungs, when sound, are very transparent to the rays, but become more or less opaque when diseased. The heart is slightly more opaque than the lungs, and its outline can be easily seen. The same is true of the spleen, which is more transparent than its surroundings, and of the liver, which is more opaque. The skull transmits the rays, and reveals, by variations in opacity, the location of its thicker and thinner parts, but of the texture of the brain nothing can be made out.

### Glass Bearings.

It is reported that recent experiments have proved that glass bearings can be successfully used for shafts of light machinery driven at high speed. The glass, it is said, keeps cool and requires but little oil. The bearing is formed by pouring melted glass around the shaft, which has first been accurately placed in the centre of its box. A few turns of the shaft, as the glass is cooling, prevent adhesion.

### Science Notes.

At the *conversaziones* of the London Royal Society, Mr. F. E. Ives exhibited his method of colour photography, and Professor Mendola gave a demonstration by means of the electric lantern of Prof. Lippmann's colour photographs by the interferential method. Prof. Worthington showed photographs of the splashes produced by a falling drop of water taken with the electric spark, the exposure being less than three millionths of a second. A method was shown by which two or three thousand copies of a photograph can be printed, developed, and fixed in an hour.

The fatalities in England and Wales during 1894 attributed to cycling numbered thirty, and this included riders and pedestrians. In the same year perambulators killed four persons, steam rollers fifteen, tram-cars fifty-five, and other road vehicles 1,166.

The flags to be hoisted at one time in signaling at sea never exceed four. It is an interesting arithmetical fact that, with eighteen various coloured flags, and never more than four at a time, no fewer than 78,642 signals can be given.

With the completion of the trans-Siberian railway in 1900, the tour of the world in thirty days will become an accomplished fact. The entire fare is calculated to be from $250 to $400.

It has been estimated that electric railways have displaced in the United States no less than 275,000 horses, and the movement has not yet been stopped.

Sir John Lubbock describes an ant which can support a weight 3,000 times heavier than itself, or equal in proportion to a man holding 210 tons by his teeth.

Venezuela has 200,000,000 acres of forest, in which grow all the varieties of ebony, as well as rosewood, satin wood and mahogany.

The amount of gold actually in circulation in England is estimated to be 110,000,000 pounds sterling, or about 855 tons.

Weaving was first practised in China B.C. 3,000.

# Book Notices.

*Agnosticism and Religion.* By JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN, President of Cornell University. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $1.00.

This is a charming little volume. The scholarly author is a Canadian of whom we all have reason to be proud. It is not his first venture in authorship, and like all of his preceding volumes it is characterized by clearness, strength, simplicity, progressiveness ; and withal, an earnest conviction that "we have not followed cunningly devised fables."

It contains three very able papers on the following subjects : "Huxley and Scientific Agnosticism" ; "Philosophical Agnosticism" ; and "Spiritual Religion : Its Evolution and Essence."

In the first paper, after some very entertaining biographical matter, we have a discussion upon "Evolution *versus* Creation" ; "Ape *versus* Adam" ; "Science *versus* Revelation."

The remarks, criticisms, and conclusions upon all of these are inspiring, helpful, and eminently satisfactory, and will do much to correct many misconceptions concerning Huxley's use of the term "Agnostic," while they will also greatly confirm our belief in the Divine existence, the spiritual nature of man, and the great truths of the Bible.

In the second paper we have a brief resumé of the tendencies in thought that found expression in Athens in an altar "to the unknown god," and which to-day repeat in varied form the same refrain. We find the "earliest forerunners in Protagoras and Pyrrho and Ænesidemus. These are the prophets of the old dispensation of Agnosticism, as Hume and Kant are the evangelists of the new, or Mr. Spencer its great apostle to the Gentiles." The juxtaposition of these names will at once suggest to every intelligent reader the correctness of the author's statement that "Agnosticism is the corollary of every sensational theory of knowledge and every mechanical conception of God." This leads the author into showing some of the essential features entering into a correct theory of knowledge, and draws from him the caustic remark, "No other generation, it is safe to predict, will see *the farce of nescience playing at Omniscience and setting the bounds of science.*" Knowledge is possible, and "we know man in relation to nature and nature in relation to man, and we never know either truly till we know both in relation to God."

The third paper is beautiful both in conception and execution. This is distinctly a religious age. What is to be its outcome? "The goal of this religious movement is not uncertain. It is not the religion of humanity, though humanitarianism is one of its manifestations. Neither is it simple ethical culture, though it leads to the full exploration and development of the moral nature of man. There can be no religion without God. . . Spiritual religion is the conscious union of man and God. It defines itself only in the process of coming to be, and then only to the subjects of this process." It will have the following characteristics :

1. "Spiritual religion will maintain a social organization."
2. "The religion of spirit does not need a unique or separate sect."
3. "Spiritual religion will make its home with any of the religious bodies which recognize it."
4. "Spiritual religion will lead to a modification, if not to an abandonment of the conception of authority in religion."
5. "The religion of spirit will be not only theistic, but Christian."

Most heartily do we commend this beautiful and trenchant volume.—E. I. B.

*Dictionary of Scientific Illustrations and Symbols.* Moral Truths Mirrored in Scientific Facts designed for the use of the Senate, the Bar, the Pulpit, the Orator, and the Lover of Nature. By a Barrister of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple. Cloth, 8vo. 420 pp. Price, $2.00. New York : Wilbur B. Ketcham. Toronto : William Briggs.

This is a work of great value, and will be a decided addition to any reference library. This book is an assemblage of striking and interesting scientific facts arranged so as to be of immediate use to men who require a suggestive topic, a forcible analogy, a cogent symbol, or a suitable illustration. Of the utility of illustrations to the public speaker nothing need be said, and with this book at hand all may enrich their thought. So far as we know, it is wholly unlike any volume of illustrations that has been published,

and will afford one of the very best "helps" for teaching by analogy.

The illustrations of this book are far from common-place and can be used with self-respect. They are fresh, instructive, and suggestive, and cannot but be of great value to any public speaker, as well as furnish pleasant and attractive reading for the general reader. It is a book that ought to be in the library of every public man, and speakers will especially find its superior material far above the sentimental anecdotes and threadbare illustrations that have long since served their day. Moral truths are herein so perfectly mirrored in scientific facts that the variety and freshness of the illustration is preserved. The lawyer who compiled it has conferred a great favour on the clergy.

*Adoniram Judson Gordon*, a Biography, with Letters and Illustrative Extracts Drawn from Unpublished or Uncollected Sermons and Addresses. By his son, Ernest B. Gordon. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, Toronto. Price, $1.50.

This is *the* biography of the year. It is a fitting presentation of the life and character of one of the most saintly men and successful ministers of these times. He has well been called "the Apostle John of our day." Young Gordon sprang from good New England stock, "poor but pious." He was what we Methodists call "powerfully converted" in his fifteenth year. He walked thirty-four miles to school in a home-made suit of mill-spun cloth. To earn money he undertook to paint the four-story schoolhouse. His room-mate volunteered to help him, and the partnership formed on high ladders, with paint pots and brushes, developed into one in which they were respectively executive chairman and corresponding secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Society.

Young Gordon found his way to Brown University at Providence, R.I. Plain as was the living, the poor student was often reduced to sore straits. One day a way-worn, ragged negro besought alms of the kindly-faced lad, and when Gordon showed his utter inability to help him, responded by offering the penniless student a nickel.

In due time he found his way as a boy-preacher into the pulpit, and eventually became pastor of one of the most fashionable churches in Boston. Instead of the Church of the Pilgrims, it might be called the Church of the Bank Presidents. It was a church of the "best" people, with classical music and exclusive tastes. One of the officers protested against attaching the words "strangers welcome" to the public announcement. Mr. Gordon, however, soon infused new life into this church, which was fairly dying of respectability. It became an aggressive, soul-saving agency; during the Moody meetings thirty inveterate drunkards were received into membership. It had its own Chinese and Jewish missions, and gave besides $20,000 in one collection for foreign missions.

This was the scene of his labours for five-and-twenty years. There was a marvellous magnetism about the man, that drew all hearts to himself. His was a robust and manly piety, a soul-compelling pulpit eloquence. In the full tide of his usefulness he was cut off, his last words being, "Victory! victory!" Dr. Gordon believed in street preaching, and was himself arrested and fined for proclaiming the Gospel on Boston Common. The study of this noble life cannot fail to be an inspiration to better living and fuller consecration to every one who will read it.

*A Cycle of Cathay, or China South and North, with Personal Recollections.* By W. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D. With Illustrations and Map. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, Chicago, Toronto, 1896. Price, $2.00.

Recent events have brought the great empire of China and its relations to Christendom more prominently than ever within the range of practical politics. This gives a new value to the best and most trustworthy books on that country. Of that character emphatically is Dr. Martin's "Cycle of Cathay." For five-and-forty years he has been a missionary, and part of that time an employee of the Chinese Government. His position at the head of the Imperial College gave him exceptional opportunities for studying the course of Chinese diplomacy. For many years he has lived and travelled in both the northern and southern part of the empire, and understands the genius of its institutions and the complicated Chinese problem better probably than any other living man.

The book recounts the chief events in the last sixty years, the Taiping rebellion, the "Arrow" war, the Tientsin treaties, China's diplomatic relations with Russia, Great Britain, France, Germany, Japan and America. It discusses the mis-

sionary question, and pays a high tribute to British officials. The book abounds with anecdotes, incidents and graphic sketches of life and character. The author pays a high tribute to the women of China, who are emphatically "China's better half, modest, graceful and attractive." The recent outbreak against missions was not the result of the antipathy of the people, but of the mandarins. For those outrages the war with Japan was also in large part responsible. At Sz-Chuen, where our own mission is situated, this placard was posted: "At the present time when Japan has seized China's territory, you English, French and Americans have looked on with folded hands; if you wish to preach your doctrines in China you must first drive the Japanese back into their own country."

The progress of missions is thus indicated: "The one or two hundred converts whom I found in connection with Christian Churches on my arrival in 1850, have expanded to 55,000 or 60,000 in 1895. The churches or organized companies of believers are about one thousand. Some hundreds of these are supplied with native missionaries. Schools, some of which take rank as colleges, have raised up large numbers of young men well equipped for this work."

The book is handsomely manufactured, with seventy illustrations, an excellent map and good index, and is a contribution of much value to missionary and general literature.

*The Testimony of History to the Truth of Scripture*, Historical Illustrations of the Old Testament, gathered from Ancient Records, Monuments and Inscriptions. By Rev. George Rawlinson, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History, Oxford; author of "The Seven Great Oriental Monarchies," etc., with additions by Prof. Horatio B. Hackett, D.D., LL.D., and a Preface by H. L. Hastings, Editor of *The Christian*. Boston: H. L. Hastings, Scriptural Tract Repository. Toronto: William Briggs.

Mr. Hastings has the distinction of having issued more books of an anti-infidel character than any publisher whom we know. Some hundreds of tons of his anti-infidel literature have been published. Rawlinson's great works on the ancient monarchies are a classic. The substance of these, in their biblical illustrations, are here condensed into a handy volume and brought within the reach of the million.

*Books for Bible Students.* Edited by the Rev. Arthur E. Gregory: the "Books of the Prophets," by G. G. Findlay, B.A., Vol. 1. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is the first of three volumes in which it is intended to furnish a continuous historical introduction to the Books of the Prophets. Its method is that of comparative and historical inquiry —what is known as "the inductive method." "We shall ask of each prophet," says the author, "who and what he was, and what he meant to say to the men of his time; and we shall further ask, how he stood related to his fellow prophets, and what part he took in the common cause and the collective work of the prophetic order." The present volume comes down to the fall of Samaria, and treats the pre-Assyrian age, the Assyrian-Israelite age and the Assyrian-Judean age. The method of the writer is eminently judicious and judicial. He summarizes the best conservative thought on this important subject. The inductive method is unquestionable the only proper and scientific method.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. issue an advance announcement of the books they have in press for fall publication. The list contains 130 volumes, including a new Riverside Edition of Mrs. Stowe's works in sixteen volumes, a new Standard Library Edition of Bret Harte in fourteen, and a variety of holiday and illustrated books. Among the more important books promised in the department of biography are the unpublished letters of Victor Hugo, Miss Phelps' "Chapters from a Life," and Mrs. Field's "Authors and Friends." The names of Lowell, Aldrich, Mrs. Thaxter, and Miss Reese in poetry; Henry James, Miss Jewett, Mrs. Wiggin, Joel Chandler Harris, and Bret Harte in fiction; Dr. Abbott, Woodrow Wilson, John Burroughs in essays; indicate the wide range and literary importance of the forthcoming issues of this house.

Three new translations of the Bible are in progress in India, respectively into the Hindi, Hindustani and Punjabi languages. The Bible has been translated wholly into fifteen India languages, and partly into forty-six more.

# Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

## Wesleyan Methodist.

The Annual Conference of 1896, being the 153rd, was held in Liverpool. The President, Rev. Dr. Waller, commenced the session, the legal hundred vacancies were first filled, and then the balloting for the election of a President was gone through. Rev. Marshall Randles, D.D., was elected on the first ballot. The President on being inducted into office delivered an address of more than usual interest. President Randles is a native of Lancashire, and for many years has occupied a prominent position among his brethren. He spent thirty-three years in circuit work, and for the last ten years, has been theological tutor in Didsbury College. He is the author of some standard works, which have added greatly to his fame. Rev. Marshall Hartley was re-elected Secretary. Our fathers are not like some Conferences, in electing a new Secretary every year. They retain their officers for several years in succession, and thus give them an opportunity of proving their efficiency, hence the records of the parent body are always remarkable for correctness.

Every year great changes are witnessed in the ministry. This year twelve ministers retire from the active work permanently; fifteen for one year, four remain in retirement for a second year, and nine return to the active work.

The question of receiving probationers into full connection with the Conference is always carefully pondered. All such persons undergo a most thorough examination, more particularly in theology.

There is no lack of candidates for the ministry. Such as are accepted spend three years at college. For some years the supply has been greater than the demand. During the past year eighty were on the President's list, for whom circuits could not be found; sixty-seven candidates had also passed a preliminary examination, who would be sent to college, so that after supplying all vacancies, the number on the reserve-list would be unusually large; fifty-six were ordained to the full work of the ministry, besides twelve native ministers.

The Book-Room report was an improvement on that of last year. $7,000 of the profits was given to the Annuitant Fund, and $1,500 to Irish circuits. The sale of hymn-books would have been greater, only that such books published by private parties interfere with connexional publications. It was a surprise to many, that the *Magazine*, under the editorship of Dr. Watkinson, only has a circulation of 10,250 per month, and the *Quarterly Review* only has 750 subscribers.

The conversations on the work of God, both in the pastoral and mixed Conferences, were edifying. Many suggestions were made for the future. The worldly-mindedness of many, and the lack of spirituality, were greatly deplored. Long sermons were condemned, personal consecration was resolved upon, and it was insisted that there should be more earnest prayer for the descent of the Holy Ghost.

An unusual number of fraternal visitors attended Conference. They hailed from Ireland, France, New Zealand, Australasia, besides some from the United States. The open session of the Conference was of unusual interest, and was held in the largest building in the city, and was attended by about 5,000 persons. The speech of Dr. Watkinson, who had just returned from the United States and Canada, was a grand deliverance. Rev. Luc Pulsford, from France, received an ovation. He is eighty years of age, and testified that for sixty-four years he had enjoyed peace with God, having been converted under the Wesleyan ministry in France.

There were several social gatherings held. Bishop Ryle entertained a large number of the members of Conference at his residence. The Lord Mayor, Earl of Derby, and various societies, held receptions, so that the Conference was more than usually honoured.

Greater interest is taken in local preachers than formerly. There are 17,141 of these noble men, without whose invaluable aid hundreds of pulpits, especially in rural districts, would be vacant.

Mr. Hodgins, Dublin, left in his will $10,000 to various Methodist charities in Ireland.

The Conference resolved to apply for a private Act of Parliament, which if granted, will alter one of the provisions of the Deed Poll, viz., to repeal those portions of that document which prohibit the appointment of a minister to a circuit for a longer period than three years.

### The Methodist Church.

Since our last issue, Rev. John Scott, D.D., and Rev. A. C. Borden, B.A., have taken their departure for Japan. Rev. W. E. Smith, M.D., also will soon start for China. Gratifying intelligence has been received from Dr. McDonald, intimating how gladly all concerned will welcome the above named brethren.

News has been received from China also, intimating that not only is all quiet at Chentu, but that the mission premises which were destroyed last year are being rapidly rebuilt. Dr. Smith will be welcomed on his arrival.

Rev. Joseph Hall has succeeded Rev. E. Robson as Principal of the Chilliwhack Institute, for the education of the Indians in British Columbia.

It is a matter of regret to learn that the income of the Missionary Society from ordinary sources is $2,500 less than last year, but, by reason of legacies the deficiency is about balanced. Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary, has made a hasty visit to Newfoundland. As might be expected, he was cordially received, and much interested with what he saw. Most of the people are extremely poor. The ministers and people alike are struggling most heroically against fearful odds. They deserve better support.

The Doctor, on his return from the East, spent most of a week at Muncey, where he was gratified to find that the new Institute, recently built, is a very creditable building, and is well suited to the purposes for which it is intended.

We are very sorry to record a little news just received from Dr. Griffin, Treasurer of the Superannuation Fund, to the effect that there is another deficiency in the income of that fund this year of $3,000.

### Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Mission in India was commenced in 1856, now there are five Conferences, and one in Malaysia. In all there are 237 travelling preachers, and over 7,000 members. Bishop Thoburn has charge of this extensive field.

The Theological Seminary in Bareilly has sent out into Urdu-speaking territory for work, 301 men and 196 women, besides sixty-one trained teachers from the normal school, making a total of 558 trained workers.

Miss Clara A. Swain, M.D., the first medical woman sent to India as a physician to practice her profession in all Asia, went out in 1869, and established a woman's hospital. She did grand work among her patients, and training native women in medical practice. The Prince of Khetri sent for her to become a physician in his capital.

Owing to the heavy debt resting upon the Society, exceeding $200,000, the Missionary Board cannot increase its staff in foreign lands to such an extent as they desire. A few, however, are being sent out, recently three of the senior class of Ohio Wesleyan University : two young men went to Malaysia, and a young lady to China.

Dr. Scott and Mrs. Scott, of India, are at present on furlough. The Doctor wants help for the college at Bareilly. There are forty-six millions of people within 200 miles of the college. He asks for $2,000 to build dormitories for the students ; about half the amount has been promised.

Bishop McCabe says that, in eleven years, Methodism in the United States has gained 6,388 churches, or one-fourth of the whole number now owned, furnishing accommodation for 1,800,000 people. . . . During the last twelve years the Church has gained more than 100,000 converts in the foreign mission fields, and during the same time the missionary income has exceeded five million dollars.

Basim, in Berar, India, an interesting mission field, has been transferred with its missionaries, helpers and property, with 15,000 rupees, from Dr. Cullis' Faith Mission, to the M. E. Church.

Rev. G. S. Miner, of Foo-Chow Mission, China, says, "In 1893, I had three day-schools ; in 1894, sixteen, and now in 1896, I have just one hundred, with about 3,000 pupils. Within the past six months we have brought fully 2,000 children under Christian influence for the first time."

### Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

From the latest published statistics we learn that there was an increase in the membership of 25,994 the past year. There are 12,192 ministers, which, added to the membership, makes a total of

1,425,751. There are 13,663 churches and 3,492 parsonages, valued in all at $25,014,488. For foreign missions there was collected $224,081.10, and for domestic missions, $134,619.28, being a total of $11,045.61 over the preceding year.

Dr. Goucher, of Baltimore, gives $5,000 a year for three years, to enable the Church to inaugurate its West China Mission.

Bishop Hendrix states that the elegant central church and parsonage at Shanghai, China, were paid for by the contribution of Mr. L. R. Moore, of Kansas City, of $8,500.

### Methodist New Connexion.

The Conference refused to extend the ministerial term beyond five years.

A new mission is to be opened in Ireland, for which a church has been built at Ballinderry. The land was given by a friend.

The profits of the Book-Room were not large, but $1,135 of the amount was donated to various Conference funds.

A lay representative, Mr. F. Benson, was taken ill at Conference and died in a few days.

The Centenary, which will be celebrated next year, is expected to be an occasion of great interest. The Wesleyan Conference appointed Rev. Dr. Stephenson and Percy Bunting, Esq., to attend as fraternal messengers.

### Primitive Methodist.

The Conference met at Burnley, Lanshire, for the first time. Rev. William Jones was elected President. All the sessions were numerously attended. The Nonconformist denominations of the town sent fraternal delegations to the Conference, and even the Unitarian ministers sent their cordial greetings.

The negotiations for union between the Bible Christian, the Methodist Free Church, and the Primitive Methodist branches are still in progress, and not a few hope that union will be accomplished in the near future. As a further indication of the spread of the spirit of union, it may be stated that united love-feasts are frequently held in various places. All the Conferences have taken steps preparatory for holding the Ecumenical Conference in 1901.

It is singular that while more than half a million attend public worship, only 196,628 are reported as church members. The total increase in the membership is only 304, and of these 292 occurred in Africa, and 146 in Australasia and New Zealand, so that in reality at home there was a decrease.

### Bible Christian Conference.

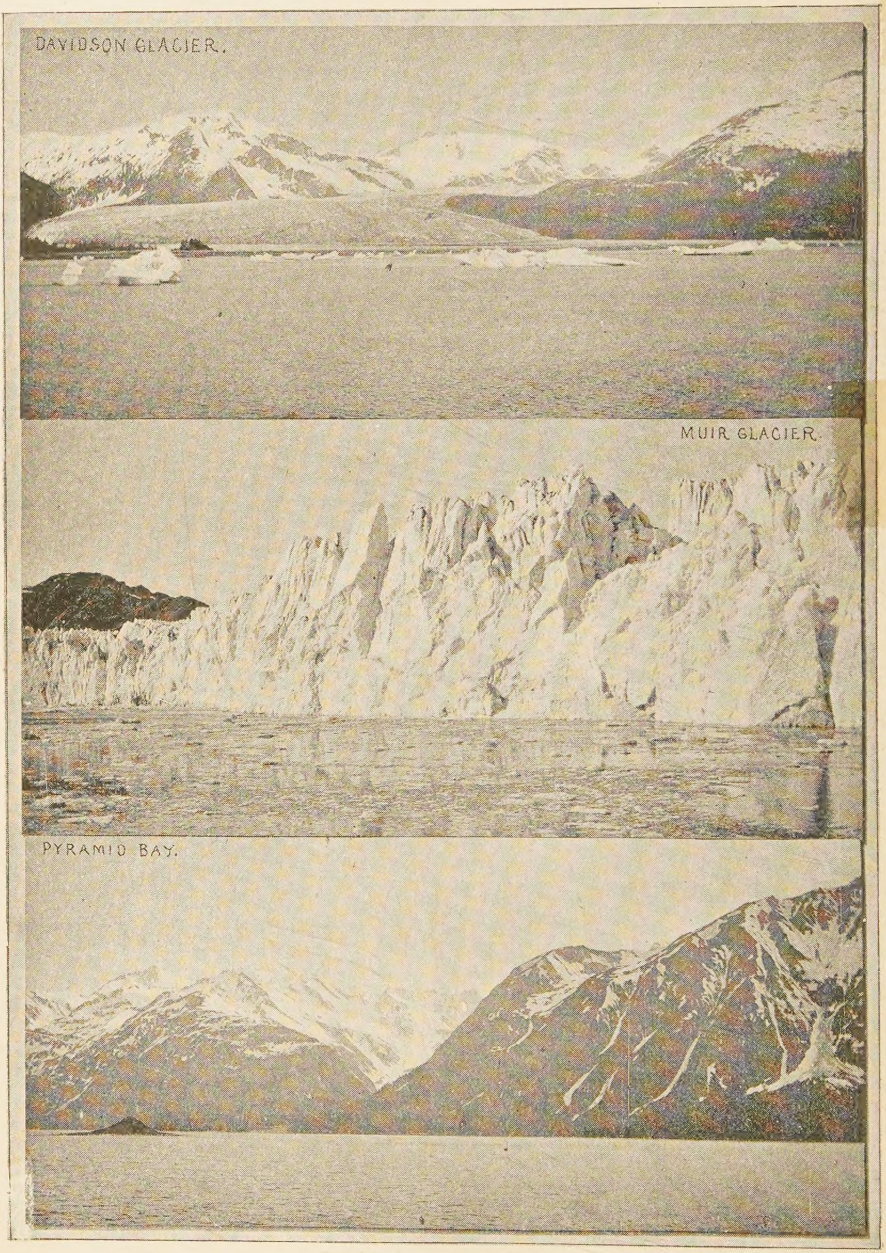
This Conference met at Southsea, Portsmouth. There were eighty-two ministers and fifty-seven laymen in attendance. A small decrease of members was reported. Rev. Joshua Forster, from South Australia, was present. Six aged ministers died during the year, viz., James Hincks, George Haycraft, William Luke, John Ridclift, Henry Ellis, and James Stoyel, also John Balhatchet, comparatively young. The Missionary Society carries a debt of more than $6,000. It was resolved that in future there must be no increase of debt by reason of working expenses. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Pollard are returning to China accompanied by Miss Howe, who will enter upon mission work. A missionary was also appointed to proceed to Johannesburg, where there are several members from Cornwall settled. As at least four-fifths of all the preaching appointments are supplied by local preachers, it was resolved that in future more attention shall be paid to their mental training.

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes proposes that Bible Christian candidates for the ministry should be trained in one of the Wesleyan Colleges. There would only be some eight or ten, and none of the said colleges are full. Rev. W. Lee has been stationed eight years in succession at Kilkhampton.

### Recent Deaths.

Rev. W. H. Poole, LL.D., was for many years a Methodist minister in Canada, during which time he laboured with great zeal in several of the more important places. Latterly he laboured in Detroit, in the M. E. Church, but for some years his health declined, so that he took a superannuated relation, but laboured as much as his strength would permit. He was the author of several books, most of which related to Anglo-Israel.

Rev. Dr. William Lockhart died at the ripe age of eighty-five at his residence, Blackheath, England. He was the first Protestant medical missionary to China, whither he went in 1838. He was always deeply interested in all that pertained to missions, especially in China. He collected a large library of medical books in all the principal languages of Europe. He presented the whole to the London Missionary Society.




ALASKAN SCENES.